The Pacific, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER, was first issued in August 1851. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now owned and published by "THE PUBLISHING COMPANY OF THE PACIFIC"—an Incorporated Company, in the interest of the Congregational churches of the Western Coast. The Directors for 1893 and 1894: Stephen S. Smith, John Henderson, W. M. Searby, I. P. Rankin, John Kimball, James L. Barker, Walter Frear.

The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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WHOLE NO. 2195 | SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AUGUST 29, 1894. | VOL. XLIII . . NO. 37

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Ever a Song Somewhere.

BY ALICE G HOWARD.

There's ever a song in the darkest clouds,
Ever a rainbow the mountain to span;
Our merciful Lord, in the tenderest love,
Bringeth the chastisement needed by man.

There's ever a song in the stroke of the lash,
Sharp though it fall on the quivering frame:
Down through the furrows flow streamlets of peace,
The sweet with the bitter proclaiming God's name.

There's ever a song in the heart of each pang,
Waiting to burst through the covering shell,
Striving to soar, like the birds all a-wing,
Eager its message of glory to tell.

There's ever a song—then find it who will—
There's ever a song, on earth as above:
The trials of life, with their sharpness and pain,
Are chords of the heavenly anthem of love.

BERKELEY, Cal.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF SMALL CHURCHES.—II.

BY REV. DR. M. WILLETT.

(*d*) Take another instance in the realm of the conditional. We are told that, proportionally, the ratio of conversions to membership increases as churches grow in strength. Of course this claim, even when most wildly made, must have its limit somewhere, or else what is true of a church of a thousand members would have to be still more true of a church of 2,000, and so on. Even if the claim is true, then we doubt whether the law, if it be a law, would not be more true on the average for the church, say, of from two to four hundred members in contrast with those of from twenty-five to seventy-five or a hundred members, than for those of a thousand members in relation to churches of from two to four hundred. We may confess that we have neither the data nor the time, to say nothing of the taste, for any such prolonged investigation as would justify the assertion of any general law upon this wide theme. But in this realm of the incidental let a few statements be made. In the year 1888 the church in Santa Cruz had 198 members. And in 1893 it reported 334. In the interim it added 204 upon confession of faith and 79 by letter. In 1888 the First Congregational church in Oakland reported 981 members, and in 1893, 1215 members. During these six years it added 323 upon confession of faith and 305 by letter. I need not point out to you how much larger the relative increase of the one church was than the other, nor yet again how much greater the proportion upon confession in the one case than the other. But put the matter in this way: In six years the 198 members in Santa Cruz added 204 upon confession—more than one for each member; and the 981 added 323 in the six years—less than one-third of a member for each member. And so it appears that for this length of time, so far as converting power is concerned, one member in the Santa Cruz church was worth more than three members in the Oakland church.

Or, take the Fourth Congregational church in San Francisco. In the year 1888, it reported 184 members, and in 1893, 140 members. It added, in the interim, 97 members upon confession and 33 by letter. I call this a brave struggle and a good record in the face of adverse conditions. And please note that whereas, in the six years, the First Congregational church added at the rate of less than one-third of a member for each communicant, Green-street added at the rate of more than one-half of a member for each communicant; so that two members in Green-street, as far as converting power is concerned, are worth three in the First church. And even this is by no means a fair comparison; for, in 1889, when the Rev. W. W. Wikoff took charge of the Fourth church, there was a report of 159 members, with 78 absentees. And, if that year and the actual strength of the church should be taken as the point of departure, it would be found that every member in Green-street is worth three members in the First church in Oakland, so far as additions upon confession of faith are concerned. And here I feel like propounding something of a conundrum. If the ratio of conversions in the First Congregational church in Oakland has been increasing as it has grown in strength, how strong will that have to become in numbers before it reaches the might of the Fourth Congregational church in San Francisco?

Or let us take the little church at Golden Gate in Oakland. In 1888 it had 38 members, and in 1893 it reported 94 members. It added in the interim 70 members upon confession and 35 by letter—that is, every member, taking the year '88 as the basis, had added nearly two upon confession of faith during the six years, so that every member in Golden Gate, from that standpoint, is worth six in the First Congregational church.

Even in the Second church in Oakland, and taking 112 members—the report of 1888—as the basis, one can say that the additions upon confession of faith have been up to the ratio of the First Congregational church, and that in the face of repeated changes in the pastorate, constant decrease of membership by removal, and a field that is acknowledged to be most difficult. There are only four years of work reported, but even the four years report 26 additions upon confession of faith, which, as you see, is almost up to the 1-3 per member of the First Congregational church, and the other two years, if reported, would certainly have swelled the numbers; so that I can safely say that, in this particular, the Second church surpassed the First.

And now another point right here We have already noted the seeming collapse in Green-street in report of actual members less, as between 1888 and 1889. Let me say that such reductions in small churches can be more than paralleled by similar reductions in large ones.

When Dr. Hemphill resigned his pastorate at Calvary church in this city, he left on the roll nominally 1,200 members. Dr. Sprecher, who succeeded him, found but 600, and reduced the roll, as I understand, to those proportions. When Dr. Kittridge left the Third Presbyterian church in Chicago, he pointed with pride to a roll of 2,100 members. His successor cut off 900 names at one fell swoop. He found when he began to take account of stock that the stock was watered. I venture the assertion that there is less water to be squeezed out of the reports from our small churches than from our large ones. I venture the assertion that they stand better prepared to give an account of what they have received than the large ones. This, of course, is in the realm of surmise; but I think you can easily imagine the basis in the realm of probabilities for this surmise, such as ease of oversight, less difficulty in perfecting the roll, etc.

(*e*) One more instance in the realm of the probable and we are done, so far, at least, as this division of our theme is considered. We are told that the large church shines afar, and so adorns and dignifies the denomination. This, of course, we do not question; but may there be no counterbalancing disadvantages for the large church itself, more particularly? Is it not quite credible, sometimes, that when a member of such a church comes to measure his own religious worth, he measures instead the worth of the church to which he belongs, as though somehow or other the gifts and spiritual activities and shining name had all passed over by some incommunicable method to his own negative and fruitless life. Have you never known individuals who seemed to be positively garrulous about activities in which they had never shared, gifts in which there was none of their own self-sacrifice, and all from the infection of a name—a great deal as grief, so Falstaff tells us, blew him up like a bladder. And would not a series of experiences in a church or churches of no reputation serve beneficially to bring such an one to a better sense of his real condition? This, of course, is a minor point, and not to be pressed strongly; but is there not for some few invividuals a danger here? And is not that which is a danger for some few members still more of a danger for some few ministers? Are there not men in some tall pulpits who, when they take account of their religious worth, put a belt around their entire membership and lose in genuine self-estimation as their churches dwindle in membership—a great deal as a rich man may measure his character by his wealth?

And back of this tendency do we not find that organic pride in which the individual loses himself and his ambitions and his desires in some organization or other, until his church becomes his other and his larger self? This commendably, of course, and helpfully sometimes; but imperiously, too, and self-inflatingly at others! Did not this spirit of false self-inflation work in large churches conspicuously until, soon after apostolic humanity, came the priestly arrogance of metropolitan pre-eminences, which warped the church from the living truth and shot the baleful light of great dignities across the centuries—only to lead astray. It would be rediculous, of course, to see any such spirit working conspicuously now—only it is, at least, believable that a scheme, not long ago outlined, that of the great church with its preacher, executive head, pastors, etc., necessitating large membership, and that necessitating numerous missions looking to our center—this scheme, I say, as a possibility will always have to be considered in the light of similar growths soon after apostolic times and what they came to.

(To be Continued.)

"THREE INDEPENDENT VIEWS OF PROF. GEORGE D. HERRON."

So the program of the last Bay Conference of Congregational churches designated the three discourses which, followed by discussion, occupied the greater part of the afternoon at Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland. Intentionally or not, these views were admirably adapted to suggest the three different ways in which we may approach any subject upon which we desire to form right judgment.

First we may approach it through the intellect. Setting aside all but the purely intellectual faculties, what do we see? Like discerns like. Through the intellect we discern that which is intellectual, and in Geo. D. Herron, tested by this faculty alone, we may find "ignorance," "bigotry" and "a ranter." Intellect refuses any suggestion that a prophet is "above criticism." It values theological dogmas, and cannot admit condemnations of an organization time-honored and noble. The speaker who presented this first view of Geo. D. Herron evidently had possibilities of a broader outlook. He saw in Herron "good feeling" and "self-sacrifice"; but since these are not parts of the purely intellectual outlook, he perhaps purposely refrained their amplification.

Our second method of approach may be through spiritual discernment working with the intellect. This was that of the second speaker. Intellect dictated the general argument, but a spiritual discernment looked into each point brought before it. Intellect declares itself "prejudiced," and has not come to defend George D. Herron; he is "mystical"; but spiritual insight discovers that Professor Herron has "a special mission," and will grant him "a poet's license." That he has "strong personal attachment to the Lord," "intense loyalty to Christ," is "self-sacrificing," and "lays hold of human institutions by a great hope" for their regeneration. As this spiritual vision becomes increasingly dominant, fear of Herron's message gives place to the knowledge that danger could only come from suppression of it; that a man might as wisely suppress the safety escape of steam from a boiler as to suppress expression of the need of reformation when the time is ripe for it; for "if these things are stopped there will be an explosion." Spiritual discernment knows no fear but that of standing athwart the line of God's work in man, and the speaker of this view leaves us enthusiastically ready to receive whatever may be of God, be it ever so contrary to what we had imagined should come to us.

Our third method of acquaintance with a subject is when the Christ in us seeks what there may be of the Christ in it. Earthly faculties are set aside when, in his love, we reach forth, gropingly, seeking the Christ in our brother; and, in proportion as we yield to him, we shall find that which we seek, for the Lord knoweth his own. In some cases of fallen humanity, this search may prove a long one, but when directed toward a man like George D. Herron, the Christ-likeness beams upon us. "He stands on Calvary." "Self-sacrifice is the law of his life," "a seer" whose insights lead us beyond our own "near-sighted" range. "A prophet," fearless "as Isaiah or John the Baptist," and to the Christ in him, we listen even if all the terrible words spoken in Isa. i be cast again in burning love upon our own back-sliding self or our most honored institutions. Such seemed the point of view from which the last speaker gave interpretation of George D. Herron.

We wonder what divinely-directed foresight presented just those three views to our Bay Conference of churches. Independently of the thought contained in each, their union offers a good lesson. "By reason man knows not God." By spiritual insight we approach him. Through Christ we find him everywhere, and there is none other beside him. H.

The good news from Washington last Monday was that Attorney-General Olney will contest the right of the Pullman Company "to engage in the saloon business on its palace-cars."

"CHARACTER-BUILDING."

BY CAPTAIN R. KELSO CARTER.

A taking phrase is often swept into popular use without its true and proper meaning being understood, and as often repeated by those who do not care to seek and apply the foundation principles involved in a right interpretation of the words. Perhaps, in no instance has this been more true than in the use of the two words which head this article. On every hand they are employed, but too often in a very shallow and superficial sense, without a glimpse of their real signification.

In I Cor. iii: 10, Paul warns us to "take heed how we build." Like the wise master-builder that he was, he devotes most of his discussion to the "foundation"; but that is the very thing which is neglected in much of the popular use of these words. To build is certainly the duty of every Christian, but "how to build." Ah! that is a different matter. In the impetuosity of our common nature we generally essay the task before we are prepared for it, and the consequence is failure, of course. With very many such a failure is looked upon as proof that the thing is not practicable, whereas the fault lies in their imperfect or wholly deficient foundation. Let us see what the trouble is.

Multitudes of people all over the country are trying "to lead a Christian life," but they confessedly do not succeed, and often give up the attempt in disgust. What is the matter? They all too frequently assert that the Christian life is a chimera, a myth, a fraud. Not so. The Christian life is a tremendous fact, but their method is wrong. They began at the wrong end. They are trying to build the house from the top. No proper foundation has been laid. In short, they are trying to live like a Christian, without having really become a Christian. No wonder there is failure. What else could be expected? No matter how beautiful the plan of a house, you cannot begin to build the roof or the ornamental gables first. The architect does not undertake to make something like a house; he sets about the task of really constructing a house. So we must not essay to live a Christian life, but seek to become Christians.

Imagine a number of eggs holding a convention, and all agreeing that henceforth they will try to live the life of a chicken. "Absurd," you say. Certainly; and you are perfectly right in suggesting that they need to become chickens first, and then the matter of living a chicken's life will not be very difficult. But is it not just as reasonable to suggest that we need to become Christians first, and that then living a Christian life will not be so hard? All the little chick has to do is to eat his natural food regularly, and take his natural exercise, and the power of nature (of God) in him sees to it that feathers succeed down, and the spurs and the "crow" come in proper season. In precisely the same way the young Christian has only to feed upon "the sincere milk of the Word," and to exercise his infant graces, to develop his strength, and to press on towards maturity. Evidently, then, the matter of supreme importance is how to become a Christian. To talk of building the physical body and the mind before a child is born into the world is no whit more absurd than to talk of building Christian character before we are "born again."

Nothing in this article is meant as a criticism of the signing of cards so much used by some evangelists. After an extended evangelistic experience, the writer sees no objection to that at all. But the point is made that we must not lose sight of the absolutely necessary first step in "character-building," to properly and thoroughly become a Christian, to be "born of water and of the Spirit." No experienced evangelist needs to be told that the churches are cumbered everywhere with members who either never were "born," or else were strangled by formalism and worldliness so early in life that they have actually forgotten the little feeble cry they did make when first ushered into the spiritual world. The father of a friend of mine—a stern old Puritan—used to thunder in his boy's ears the inquiry, "My son, are you *born again?*" Let me say that the answer to that question will not be shadowed by doubt in the mind of a genuine "child of the King." If we are really "children," then we have the solemn declaration of the Word that "the Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." And no child of God has any more business to be in doubt about his paternity than has any man in the question of his natural birth. If there is doubt, it is our fault. God is ready to give the "witness" as soon as we meet his conditions.

Mark well that we will never get that "witness" by any attempt at "character building," no matter how protracted or earnest it may be. Were it so, then would we be saved by works, and man could boast. But it must be of faith, simple faith in the naked Word of God, preceded by a complete surrender and a genuine repentance. These steps having been honestly taken, then "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved," and the Spirit speedily witnesses to the tremendous fact beyond the possibility of a doubt. The foundation must be laid, as Paul so strongly asserts, in "Christ Jesus," and no other will answer for a moment. The miraculous creation of a new nature by the Holy Ghost on the basis of the blood-atonement of the Lord Christ must, in the very nature of things, precede all "building" or additions of any kind.

Young Christians, let me earnestly ask you are you born again? Have you the witness of the Spirit to your sonship? Do you know for yourself that your name is written in heaven? Are you able to apply to your experience the words of the apostle, "There is, therefore, now, no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus"? Do you know that your foundation is builded of materials that will stand the fire test described by Paul in the chapter of Corinthians already quoted? If so, then you are able to bear out the assertion that trying "to live a Christian life" is infinitely easier than living the life of a sinner against God, and that the upbuilding of character in the fear of God is but "God working in you both to will and to do his good pleasure."

SAN FRANCISCO.

PERSONAL TIDINGS.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, in her Bible class last Sabbath, spoke of three letters that came in one mail, full of personal interest. One was a letter from Rev. Henry Martyn Scudder, D.D., formerly the pastor of the Howard Presbyterian church in this city. Dr. Scudder expressed pleasure at the reproduction of his birthday anniversary which appeared in THE PACIFIC a few weeks since. He sent warm greetings to friends in California, and said he was quietly awaiting the summons that should call him home. He said the old craft had sailed stormy seas as well as pleasant ones, and was now eagerly making for the "desired haven."

Another letter was from that royal woman, Miss Frances E. Willard, who was in the Catskills with Miss Gordon, full of work and preparation for the coming campaign. Miss Willard's letter was brimful of faith and courage. The third letter was from Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and referred most pleasantly to a call from Mrs. and Miss Cooper last summer, and also to the pleasure it gave her to know that the sermons and lectures and writings of her husband were read and prized by the teacher of the Bible class—to all the members of which she sent warmest greeting. Mrs. Beecher still occupies the old homestead near Plymouth church, where she worships every Sabbath day.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward, one of the greatest men ever sent to the United States Senate, said in a speech in the Senate chamber, in 1855: "I belong to one voluntary association of men, which has to do with spiritual affairs, and that is the Christian church. I belong to one temporal society of men and that is my political party * * * These two associations, the one spiritual and the other temporal, are the only voluntary association to which I now belong, or ever have belonged since I became a man; and unless I am bereft of reason, they are the only associations of men to which I shall ever suffer myself to belong. Secret societies, sir? Before I would place my hand between the hands of other men, in a secret lodge, order, class or council, and enter into combination with them for any object, personal or political, good or bad, I would pray to God that that hand might be paralyzed, and that I might become an object of pity and even the mockery of my fellow men.'

Mr. George W. Gibbs, an Episcopalian and President of our Y. M. C. A., has added another to his very many good deeds; he has presented a burial lot in Iona churchyard for the use of the Episcopal Church clergymen dying without means to meet the necessary expense of burial. The title to the lot is vested in the corporation of the diocese.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the anti-saloon workers of Washington has been, for many years, the apparent ease with which the liquor interest controlled the official acts of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, so far as they related to the liquor traffic. It may be imagined then that those who oppose the domination of the saloon in municipal matters are gratified to know that the Board of Commissioners have asserted their independence of the rum power. The declaration of independence was publicly made a few days ago, when ten policemen were summarily discharged because of their peculiar relations with retail liquor dealers in their precints, and their dismissal was accompanied by a warning to all the rest of the policemen, calling their attention to the fact that some of them have either overlooked or ignored for a long time that it is their sworn duty to compel the saloon-keepers to conduct their business in accordance with law, and not to aid them in breaking the laws, as the dismissed policemen did. The action of the Commissioners was made the subject of a sermon by Rev. Adolos Allen, in which, after expressing the gratitude and appreciation of the people, he said: "It is manifest by what has occurred that while the church has been laboring to lift up the community, officers of the law have been doing what they could to help the keepers of saloons, which are a curse to any city, do what has a tendency to thwart one-half, if not three-quarters, of our effort. It is widely hoped that, now the Commissioners have commenced, they will carry on their investigation to the end, and so get this community to a higher plane of respect for law and order than it has stood upon in the past." And every good citizen echoes the amen, with which a large congregation greeted Mr. Allen.

There is so much talk and so many claims made, *pro* and *con*, about the success or failure of State regulation of the liquor traffic, that the opinion of Mr. A. R. Burdette of Georgia, at present visiting Washington, is of more than passing interest. He says: "Georgia is practically a prohibition State. Outside of the large cities, the law forbids the retailing of intoxicating liquors within three miles of a church or school-house. Now, there are very few communities in the State that are not within that distance of a school, or place of worship, and the result is that the saloon is almost a defunct institution in Georgia. Liquor can still be had in the small towns and villages, but only by the quart, and a heavy penalty attaches to drinking it on the premises where it is purchased. I think our system beats the State dispensary law of Governor Tillman, in that it is practicable, and has public sentiment behind it. We have tried it for a number of years, and it works so well that nobody would go back to the old way. In the outset I was very much opposed to the change, and voted and worked against it, but the test of experience has converted me. Though far from being a fanatic on the subject, I am satisfied that any community is better off where the retailing of alcoholic drinks is interdicted.

Notwithstanding the anxiety of the administration to get the bill providing for the deportation of alien anarchists on the statute books in time to head off the 500 European anarchists known to be headed towards the United States, it is feared that the bill will not be acted upon by the House of Representatives at this session—it has been passed by the Senate. The present trouble is lack of a quorum in the House and a disposition on the part of several members to object to the bill being passed without a quorum. The reason these gentlemen give for objecting is that the bill gives the United States Commissioner of Immigration power to determine who may be classed as alien anarchists and to deport them without any reference to courts of any kind. In view of recent occurrences in this country and in Europe, these objections would seem to come properly under the head of unnecessary hair-splitting. Even granting that the bill gives too much authority to one man, it seems to me that it would be much better that one man should have too much authority than that the United States should be overrun with the dangerous anarchists who are being driven from numerous European countries. It will be too late for regrets when their presence in the United States shall have caused the loss of valuable lives and property. This is the time to act, by shutting them out.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 22d.

Woman's Board
Of the Pacific.

Ladies, please do not forget the *annual meeting of the Woman's Board*, which will be held on Wednesday, September 5th, morning, afternoon and evening, in Plymouth church, Post street, near Webster, San Francisco. Ladies from auxiliary societies, please report to Plymouth church on Tuesday, September 4th, when some one will be in attendance to welcome our friends and accompany them to their places of entertainment. The program will be found in this paper. Let us continue the enthusiasm aroused at the grand meetings of the Young Ladies' Branch, August 23d. Come and bring a friend.

TWO "THANK-OFFERINGS."

Your President was privileged to be able to be present at the annual thank-offering of Berkeley church and of the Third church, San Francisco, both coming on Friday, August 24th.

THE BERKELEY THANK-OFFERING

Was held at the home of Mrs. Thos. Addison, 2425 Channing Way. Mrs. Addison is from Chicago, and has worked with the Board of the Interior; her heart is full of devotion to the cause of foreign missions, and she says her house is always open and ready for such meetings. A blessed fact that there are such homes and such hearts ready to do the Lord's work! A bunch of the daintiest rosebuds found resting-place on a certain black dress; then one by one the ladies began to come, till about thirty were present. Mrs. Hatch, the President of the auxiliary, after Scripture reading and prayer, introduced a lady well known to many of you, who spoke a few earnest words on the subject of consecrating our all to Christ's service. Mrs. Barker, the mother of our Miss Lydia G. Barker of India, read a very interesting letter from her daughter, a part of which Miss Clark has kindly copied for our columns. The offerings were then taken by Mrs. Earle, the Treasurer, and counted, while a general talk on Board matters, the forthcoming annual meeting, etc., ensued.

The offering was found to be $37.35 for the Woman's Board Treasury. Other sums may have come in since from absent members. This amount, added to amounts previously sent Miss Merriam, completes Berkeley's assignment for the year. Accompanying the various offerings were the following texts, on as many slips of paper, which your editress secured on the spot. Then the Doxology was sung. Later came an invitation from Mrs. Addison to remain for cake and chocolate. The ladies separated for their homes, and thus a very pleasant occasion became a happy memory.

THANK-OFFERING TEXTS.

Ps. lxiii: 7: "Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."

Hosea vi: 3: "Then shall we know, if we follow on, to know the Lord."

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble: therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

"All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord, and shall glorify thy name."

"Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows to the Most High."

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to all nations."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

Phil iv: 6: "Be careful for nothing, but in all things, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

"And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." (Colossians iii: 17.)

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places. Yea, I have a goodly heritage. I will bless the Lord who has given me counsel."

"Declare His glory among the heathen, his marvelous works among all nations." (Psalms xvi: 24.)

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"

"All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." (I Chron. xiv.)

"There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii: 28.)

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." (Matt. xxiv: 14.)

"How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? as it is written. How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!" (Rom. x: 14, 15.)

"Hereby perceive we the love of God because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (I John iii: 16, 17.)

THIRD CHURCH OFFERING.

The Third church thank-offering, held at Mrs. Chase's commodious, pleasant home, was largely attended, about ninety ladies and gentlemen being present. A table in the center held two sets of money-boxes, barrels for home missions, and jugs and oranges for foreign missions. A little talk was given by Mrs. Jewett pleading the great need of workers in the foreign field. Mrs. H. H. Cole urged the same need in the home missionary field, after her recent experience in touring with her husband in Siskiyou county. She spoke of the various towns visited, and of the encouragements there met with in Christian work. A fine musical program was given by Mr. and Mrs. Stadtfeld, Mrs. Kendall, and the Misses Van Dorn, who played very prettily in a trio—two violins and piano. Mr. Pullan announced the offering, which was about forty dollars, the barrels and jugs being opened, and contents counted by two of the gentlemen present. Ice-cream and cake were passed to all the guests, a collection was taken up amounting to five dollars, and about ten o'clock all were on their way home. Another pleasant occasion, another pleasant memory! A few texts were read—one seemed specially appropriate—"Shall I give unto the Lord of that which dost cost me nothing?"

ANNUAL MEETING—SEPTEMBER 5, 1894.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

The program, as follows, though not fully complete in all its details, is very suggestive, and means a good meeting. Be at Plymouth church, San Francisco, by 9 o'clock, September 5th, for an all-day session. Every church should be represented.

PROGRAM.

MORNING.

9.00 to 9:30—Devotional meeting.

9:30 to 10:10—Annual reports of Recording, Home and Foreign Secretaries.

Music.

10:10 to 10:20—Report of Nominating Committee and election of officers.

10:20 to 10:30—Welcome to delegates, Mrs. Jewett.

10:30 to 10:45—Paper, "Systematic Giving," Mrs. J. A. Cruzan.

10:45 to 11:00—Paper, "Prayer for Missions," Mrs. William Rader.

11:00 to 11:10—Music, solo, Mrs. J. B. Pullan.

11:10 to 12:15—Reports from branches and auxiliaries.

12:30 to 1:30—Intermission.

AFTERNOON.

1:30 to 2:00—Scripture readings and prayer, Mrs. F. J. French.

2:00 to 2:10—Greetings from other Boards.

2:10 to 2:20—Treasurer's report.

2:20 to 2:35—Music, solo, Mrs. Mariner Campbell.

2:35 to 2:50—Paper, "The Work in Africa," Mrs. F. H. Foster.

2:50 to 3:00—Paper, "How to Enlist the Young People," Mrs. Whitman.

3:00 to 3:15—Singing missionary hymn, with reading.

3:15 to 3:45—"Missionary Work in China," Mrs. Arthur H. Smith.

3:45 to 4:30—Young ladies' hour. Reports—Miss Gunnison, "Life in Japan."

EVENING SESSION.

Organ voluntary; music by Plymouth church choir; Scripture reading and prayer, Dr. Williams; short addresses by Rev. Mr. Frear, Miss M. J. Williams, Miss Gunnison, just returned from Japan, Rev. A. H. Smith of China, and others. Members of the orchestra of the First Congregational church, Oakland, will assist in the music throughout the daytime sessions. An enthusiastic rally for missions is expected.

PRAYER-MEETING EVENING.

It is hoped that most of our San Francisco churches will find it profitable to adjourn their evening meetings, as several have already consented to do, and unite with us in a grand union missionary meeting.

When one is waiting for the sermon to begin, wondering just where the preacher is going to hit him this time, and while the choir are spelling each other alternately, and then pitching in altogether, it is a good thing to have a silver dollar in one's pocket to take out and study from the standpoint of numismatics. There is the inscription, *in relievo*, in old English text, "In God we trust," just over the head of the eagle. Well, Mr. Dollar, you have had a close call. Your fall would have knocked us all. But here you are, just as good as your great granddaddy dollar of 1795. They have been saying that you are not quite so honest as your grandfather, but a great deal more religious. But you are all right now. You are a dollar—just as good a dollar as if you were the color of a Chinaman or a persimmon. You are the right coin for the collection plate—your religious profession makes you appropriate to the very solemn act of dropping you upon it. All good religious people will hereafter carry you to church as a substitute for the inglorious nickel.—*Interior.*

God promotes a faithful worker.

Home Missions.

FAMILIAR TALKS.

My dear sisters, you of the California W. S. H. M. S., to whom these talks are addressed, may be interested to know that the three last papers have been written at Snokomish, a little town away up in northwestern Washington. How I wish I could make you all see through my eyes the wonderful sights of the last few weeks, and take in through my heart its experiences! To those who, like myself, have lived for many years upon the great prairies of the Mississippi Valley, or on the plains and valleys farther west, these mighty stretches of pine, fir, spruce and hemlock are a revelation and admiration. No one can realize the extent of our country's resources in these wonderful forests till they see them, and hear some pioneer tell how many thousand feet of lumber are sometimes taken from one tree. One must for themselves pass out of San Francisco harbor and through the Golden Gate, turning northward upon the great Pacific, then go on and on for hours and days, past the redwoods of California, the pines of Oregon and Southern Washington, to this great Sound country, steam up the beautiful straits of Fuca, touch at Victoria, Port Townsend, land at Seattle or Tacoma, and then be whirled through miles and miles of forest by rail, before a conception can possibly be had of this great timber region of Northwestern America.

Then, there are so many other thoughts and reflections that come crowding to one's brain in an experience like this; such as the heroic struggles men are making to subdue this vast wilderness, and bring out of it wealth, order and civilization. The cost to some one of brawn and muscle impresses you. Everywhere, the work of *destruction* is going on, as well as that of building up. All around are fallen trees and innumerable stumps to be cleared away before this rich soil can be made available for human sustenance; but it is being done. Great cities and numerous little ones, with towns, hamlets and homes, meet the eye everywhere. Very crude as yet some of these are, and oh, so much still to be done.

But while these giant products of nature and the forces of men stand opposed to each other in the outer world, there are other, and to us more interesting, contests going on of which these are but symbols. How I wish, my sisters, that I could give to you my conception of what home missions have done and are doing for this new and interesting State! You can almost count upon your fingers the churches that have come to self-support. The great body of the churches here—and they are quite numerous—are in the first struggle for existence, but they are making, for the most part, a brave and successful fight. Even in this hard year some of them will meet to the full their apportionment for missions.

But best of all are the glimpses we get up here of the progress being made in soul-winning. You know that society in these lumbering regions is made up of character that is as unyielding as the primeval forest. But just as surely as the one is melting away, so is the other. I wish you could see as I do the young men—and some old ones—who are being brought under the power of the gospel, and the children and youth being trained in Sunday-schools and Christian Endeavor societies. Thank God for the latter, which we find everywhere. Surely the kingdom is coming.

All this serves to magnify the one thought of this series of papers, namely, the great work that has been done and is being done by our Home Missionary Society. We cannot exaggerate it. No human power can begin to estimate its relation to the intelligence, enterprise and thrift of our entire country. For this work began in New England while it was still a mere cluster of colonies, and has been planting churches ever since of the Congregational and Presbyterian order. And that means the founding of schools and colleges, the development of genius, of science, and the mechanic arts, as well as the founding of churches, and because of the founding of churches.

In these days, when so much is said against these churches, it is well for us to magnify them, for, however weak, lame, halting, and even unchristian in some things they may have been, they nevertheless are the regenerative power that has made our land what it is—rich, prosperous and happy. We thank God for the churches, while doing all in our power to purge, purify and create anew the life that is in them. If they are not all they should be—and we sadly confess they are not—then it is ours to see that the causes of offense are removed, and the candlesticks not only kept in place, but the candles re-lighted, trimmed, and made to shine out clear and bright upon the surrounding darkness. Yes, the churches and the society that originates and supports them *must be sustained.* And we, dear sisters, must be so in love with them, as the very "body of Christ," that we shall count no sacrifice too great in their behalf.

We must study, think, plan to do more, rather than less, in these times of financial depression, so that the cause we love may not suffer, and the churches languish. M. L. M.

A FEW NOTES FROM MISSIONARY LETTERS.

The recent meeting of the Bay Conference with the Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, was in some respects one of the most inspiriting I have ever attended. I was one of those who sat and listened throughout. The main theme, man's duty to his fellow-man, was, indeed, worthy of a whole day's mingled meditation, and oratory, and prayer. Whether the effect was intended or not, I found myself saying: "What have I really done in the way of self-sacrifice as the Christ practiced it? Here am I, with a comfortable salary, while many of my brethren in missionary fields, working just as hard, and, perhaps, with far more acceptance to the Master, are *pinched* to the point of actual want." A letter just now at hand says: "I have been upon my field three months now, and all I have had from my people to support myself and aged father is $38. I live in a few unfurnished rooms—no curtains or shades, a second-hand bedstead, one chair, a borrowed table to eat off, and a borrowed gasoline stove to cook my own food." A more earnest, devoted, hard-working minister cannot be found in this State. Who will divide with him? There is another brother up North, working himself to death because he has more on his hands than any two able-bodied men ought to have. He bravely writes that if we can't send another man to help him, he will hold out as long as he has strength.

Still another sends me this word to-day: "I am working to the full extent of my capacity, denying myself necessary rest, and yet I am not doing one-half, nor anywhere near one-half, that needs to be done. Imagine the consequent anxiety, the mental strain, if you can!

It seems to me that if our people in more favored localities could realize the peculiar privations and burdens of those on the frontier, the Home Missionary fund, and through it the number of workers, could be doubled.

This good and faithful man drives twenty-five miles every Sunday between two of his stations, preaches three times when the roads are good enough for him to to get to a third point, and, during the week days, visits and preaches at still other points. Some one ought to divide.

Yet another letter awaits me, as I return from a missionary journey. It is from a man whose deep consecration no one questions who knows him. He says: "For the first time, we are behind in our rent. The pastor's salary has amounted in the last three months to $21, besides the grant from the Home Missionary Society; $60 out of the $121 for the quarter has gone for rent. We are studiously learning fine points of the possibilities of economy. We confess that we sometimes recall having heard Josh Billings say on a warm evening that the man who could wear a paper collar all the week would not be good for much else. We sometimes wonder what we will be good for after we have learned the lessons set before us. Then earnestly we cry to be forgiven; for this work was begun in the assurance of faith and prayer, and we trust in hearty consecration."

Things are not quite even here. Here is another which I cannot forbear giving you in full. It is written by the wife of one of our missionaries: "The desire came into my heart to-day, while we were filling out a blank for a home missionary box, to send a letter to the society to whom the blank would be sent. For nearly twenty years (since our return from the foreign work in Japan) we have been most of the time in the home missionary work. We are now over a small, newly-organized church of twenty members. The work is not as encouraging as we would like to see, nor the church as spiritual, and we long for a shower of grace to rest upon us all. For two years before this church was organized my husband preached to these people, receiving but a trifling compensation from them. And it was during these two years that the greatest privations of our life came in. Having no church organization, we could not apply for missionary aid, and we tried by working hard to earn the actual necessities of life. It was a hard struggle. Our daughter (a young lady who is an artist, and who in former years had earned much by her talent) could not find employment in this small place, and not having means to go elsewhere, bravely went to work in a farmer's kitchen. Mr. Dexter and the boys cut wood for a neighbor (a Servian, who lay back in idleness and drank his wine). I, who was a teacher before marriage, found no teaching to do, so asked for washing, and was thankful, indeed, to God when I received my first hard-earned dollar. Many nights we imagined we had had a good supper, and went to bed to dream of a feast spread before us. Day after day, our children, who had to walk a long distance to school, took, for their luncheon, bread, no butter, and a handful of dried grapes. Our Thanksgiving dinner, and many other meals, was boiled wheat, without milk. It was good, but rather plain for Thanksgiving. Then sickness came to several of the family; *la grippe* to my husband, who was very low and delirious. We could not get medical aid, could only use the simple remedies that we had in the house, and pray. Oh, how precious was prayer in those dark days! How strong the arm of God! Then the depleted condition of household articles and clothing was also a great trial to us. Sometimes I was obliged to wash the children's clothing after they were in bed at night, because there was no money to get the necessary changes. Then God's time had come to answer our cries for help. His faithful servant, Brother Harrison, our Home Missionary Superintendent, found us out, and made known our situation to Christian workers, who responded generously with money and missionary boxes, and met our then present needs. What light and joy these boxes brought into our home? How our hearts were filled with gratitude to God, and how earnestly we prayed him to bless all who had had a part in this good work!

Though modesty and pride have tempted me to withhold this information from you, I have written that you might more fully understand how much your good work is appreciated, and what a great and precious blessing a missionary box is in a poor minister's family.

The three wonderful and precious things to the little children's hearts are Jesus, Santa Claus and a missionary box. The daughter of whom I wrote, has recently married a poor but worthy man. She is a dear, good girl; was born on heathen soil, and has been a Christian from early childhood. Three little ones whom God has given us are now safe in heaven. Now, you know us all, and may God richly bless you all in your good work, and we will try to be faithful in ours."

HE GOT THE BLESSING.

Canon Wilberforce tells a pathetic story illustrating the force of the little word "now." It was of a miner who, hearing the gospel preached, determined that if the promised blessing of immediate salvation was, indeed, true, he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it until assured of its possession by himself. He waited, consequently, after the meeting to speak with the minister, and, in his untutored way, said: "Didn't ye say I could have the blessin' now?" "Yes, my friend." "Then pray with me, for I'm not goin' away' wi'hout it." And they did pray, these two men, until the wrestling miner heard silent words of comfort and cheer. "I've got it now!" The next day a frightful accident occurred at the mines. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men, dead and dying, was the quivering, almost breathless, body of the man who, only the night before, big and brawny, came to him to know if salvation could really be had now for the asking. There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two ere the miner's soul took flight; but in that moment he had time to say, in response to the minister's sympathy: "Oh, I don't mind, for I've got it—I've got it—it's mine!" Then the name of this poor man went into the sad list of the "killed." There was no note made of the royal inheritance of which he had but a few hours before come into possession, and all by his believing grip of the word "now."—*Exchange.*

Ruskin says: "I pray you with all earnestness to prove and know within your hearts that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as a close; then let every one of those short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained by yourselves. I hear men speak continually of going to a 'better world,' rather than of its coming to them; but in that prayer which they have straight from the lips of the Light of the World, there is not anything about going to another world; only of another government coming into this, which will constitute it a world indeed, new heavens and a new earth; 'thy kingdom come'; 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!'"

"Let us take our bloated nothingness out of the path of the divine circuits."—*Emerson.*

SANITAS GRAPE FOOD

IS MADE FROM GRAPES

But contains NO ALCOHOL, SPIRITS, DRUGS OR CHEMICALS

It is a nourishing, healthful tonic. A delicious substitute for tea or coffee. A pure, perfect food beverage.

SOLD BY GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS. TRY IT.

A Sermon In Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And then by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which the honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak up brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—*Methodist Protestant.*

HUMMING TELEGRAPH WIRES.

A writer in one of the daily papers says to young readers: You have all heard the humming and singing of the telegraph and telephone wires as you pass the poles along the streets. No doubt you have concluded that it is caused by the action of the wind on the wires, and given it no further thought. But it is not true that the singing is caused by the wind, and if you are at all observing you will notice that often the humming sound is to be heard these cold winter mornings when the smoke from the chimney goes straight up until it is lost in the clouds, and when the frost on the wires is as fuzzy and thick as a roll of chenille fringe.

The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and according to an Australian scientist the vibrations are due to the changes of the atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bell, thus inducing sounds both in the wires and in the poles. When this humming has been going on birds have mistaken the sounds for insects inside the poles, and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside as they do upon apple and other trees. The story is told of a bear that mistook the humming noise as coming from a nest of bees, and clawed at the pole and tore away the stones at its base in the hope of finding the much coveted honey.

The waste of property by fire is increasing year by year, in undue proportion to the increase of property at risk. Last year's ash heap in the United States has been computed in excess of $150,000,000. In order to ascertain the true measure of the fire tax we must add to this some $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 as the cost of sustaining insurance companies, by which a part of the loss is distributed throughout the community. To this again must be added the cost of sustaining fire departments, which came to $25,000,000 some years ago. Thus the measure of this fire tax in the past year cannot have been less than $250,000,000. That is the penalty which we pay for ignorance, stupidity, carelessness, and crime, for which the responsibility must be distributed mainly among owners of buildings, though shared in part by occupants, architects, and builders.

China uses silver in trade, but produces little of it. This should give our silver mines a market. In 1892 Chinese imports were $123,500,000 and her exports $102,000,000. Great Britain furnished $110,000,000 of the imports and took $60,000,000 exports, giving a balance in her favor of $50,000,000. The United States' share of the imports was but $6,000,000, and she took $10,000,000 of exports. Now access to the twenty-three treaty ports is as free as to any other nation.

Mr. Carlisle, the English cyclist, who broke all previous records by riding 866 miles in 86 hours, used no stimulant when he felt exhausted except strong tea.

Where there is love there is trust.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Mother's Folded Hands.

Those folded hands of mother's !
While the sight is growing dim,
How eagerly she listens to
The dear old evening hymn !
The sweetness of a Saviour's love,
The hopes, so high and grand,
Doth comfort precious mother
As she sits with folded hands.

The years of toil and labor,
The years of peace and love,
Are passing—swiftly passing;
But, oh ! that home above,
Where mother's heart is centered,
That holy, heavenly land,
Will some day claim our mother,
Who sits with folded hands.

Those tired hands of mother's !
Long years of toil and love
For husband and for children,
And for her God above !
But now, so sweetly resting,
Awaiting His command
To strike the harps of heaven
Those weary, tired hands

That have made our home so peaceful
Through clouds and sunshine bright,
And been our stay and solace
'Mid dark and stormy night !
Yes, the atmosphere is heavenly;
The influence ? Why, it's grand
To enter in the room to get
Near mother's folded hands.

The softening hues of autumn,
The setting of the sun,
The placid look on mother's brow,
Shine forth ! Work nearly done !
Serenely, calmly waiting
The numbering of life's sands,
When angels bright will fill the room
O'er mother's folded hands !

Yet, spare the dear one to us,
Our Father, hear our prayer !
The perfume of the violet
Cannot with her compare.
Though we may wander far from home,
O'er seas, through foreign lands,
We still will need the guiding of
Our mother's folded hands.

And, so, we pause and wonder—
How long we cannot tell;
But ask the Lord to comfort us
Throughout this mystic spell
Which sadly, yet so sweetly,
Enshrouds our household band;
Yet, the atmosphere is heavenly
Around those folded hands.

We need not fear the failing sight,
For it is said, from lofty height,
" At evening time there shall be light"
O'er mother's folded hands.

OAKLAND. MRS. E. S.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

I Wonder Why It Is.

I called upon my friend
James Loyalheart to-day,
And here are a few of the many things
This good man had to say :

" I wonder why it is
That men ain't got the grit
To take an evil by the throat
And make an end of it.

" I wander why they stand
When victory might be won,
And just declare straight up and down
The thing cannot be done.

" I wonder why they talk
Of lions in the way,
And never put their trust in God,
And *move*, those beasts to slay.

" I wonder why it is
Men for their 'rights' will fight,
Who never move a hand or foot
To battle for the Right.

" I wonder why it is
Men serve the devil so.
What has he ever done for them
I would just like to know ?

" If we could find just *why*
It is things are this way,
I wonder if we would not find
What ails the world to-day ? "

NORMAN CONWAY.

AN INCIDENT AT GETTYSBURG.

"An incident which, perhaps, affected me more than anything I saw during the war," said Judge Neale of Kittanning to a reporter, "was after the battle of Gettysburg. I went down there to see what was to be seen, and, on going over the field after the battle, I came across two persons digging a grave, evidently for a body that lay near by. I watched the operations of the two with interest. One was a middle-aged man and the other was a mere boy. Both wore the blue uniform.

"The work of the two in the twilight had a most peculiar effect upon me. There beside the pile of yellow clay lay the body of a Union soldier. An ugly hole in his forehead, emphasized by the mark of the blood that had flowed from it, told too well how he had met his fate. It was an unpleasant sight, yet try as hard as I would I could not tear myself away from it. I began to study the two workers, and noticed that the boy's face had a most sorrowful look. He tried to work hard, but there seemed to be a heavy load oppressing him. Every now and then he would glance at the dead body beside him, and then wipe away a tear. I then began to talk to the workingmen. I asked for whom the grave was intended, and the elderly man pointed to the boy, then to the corpse, and whispered to me, 'His father.' I could never tell you what an effect this had upon me.

"The idea of a son digging his father's grave! It seemed horrible to me, something that I could not bear. I went over to the young man, and, after throwing off my coat, took his pick from him, and told him I would do his work. While we dug away, the boy sat off at a distance and wept most bitterly. When we had placed his father in his last resting place, and had finished our work, he took me by the hand, and, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, expressed his thankfulness for the service I had done him. Never had I seen such gratitude. That incident made an impression upon me that I have never been able to efface."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A MISSIONARY COLLECTION AMONG NEGROES.

At a missionary meeting held among negroes, the following resolutions were agreed to:

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as the Lord has prospered us.
3. We will all give willingly.

A secretary took his seat at the table with pen and ink, to note what each gave.

Among those who came forward was a comparatively rich old man, almost as wealthy as all the others put together, who threw down a small silver coin.

"Take dat back," said the secretary; "dat may be accordin' to de first resolution, but it is not accordin' to de second."

The rich man took it up and went back to his seat in a great rage.

One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than he, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and he again went up and threw a gold coin on the table, saying, "Dar, take dat."

It was given so ill temperedly that the secretary answered: "No, dat won't do yet. It may be accordin' to de first and second resolutions, but it is not accordin' to de last"; and he was obliged to take his coin again.

Still angry at himself and the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all the people were gone, and then came up to the table with a smile on his face, and pleasantly handed a large gift, and heard the secretary say, "Very well; dat is accordin' to all de resolutions."—*Little Missionary.*

You may see continually girls who have never been taught a single useful thing thoroughly; who cannot sew, who cannot cook, who cannot cast an account, nor prepare a medicine; whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride; you will find girls like these, when they are earnest hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit, which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed; all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood made vain, and the glory of their pure consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common serviceable life would have either solved for them in an instant or kept out of the way. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace.

The Messrs. Cramp of Philadelphia, are constructing several new vessels. The first two, the St. Louis and the St. Paul, are approaching completion. They are the first transatlantic passenger steamer to be built in the United States for a period of over twenty years, and they will compare with the most recent productions of British shipbuilders, which represent the culmination of their skill and experience. They are the largest vessels ever constructed in America, their principal dimensions being: Length over all, 554 feet; length on load water line, 536 feet; extreme breadth, 63 feet; moulded depth, 42 feet; tonnage, gross register, 11,000 tons, the hull of each vessel is to have a double bottom.

Every coal mine in the anthracite region produces enormous quantities of coal dust, known as culm, which keeps on accumulating, as it has accumulated for many years, about the mines and coal breakers. This culm has good, calorific value, and recently manufacturers have begun to use it under their boilers. It can be bought for twenty-five cents a ton. Mr. D. B. Atherton, the secretary of the Scranton Board of Trade, has given figures to show that with culm firing a horse power per annum will cost but $3.93. At Niagara Falls a horse power will cost, it is said, $15 per annum. It is evident that the culm bank is the cheaper.

The total railway mileage of the world at the end of the year 1892 was 406,416 miles. Europe had 144 380 miles; America, including North and South America, had 218,910; of this the United States 174,784 miles; Asia, 23,229 miles; Africa, 7,212 miles, and Australia 12,685 miles. The total capital invested in the railroads of the world at the end of 1892 was, in round numbers, $32,150,000,000, or an average per cost mile for the entire world of a little more than $79,000 per mile.

I believe that if we could only see beforehand what it is that our Heavenly Father means us to be—the soul beauty, and perfection, and glory, the glorious and lovely spiritual body that this soul is to dwell in through all eternity—if we could have a glimpse of this, we should not grudge all the trouble and pains he is taking with us now to bring us up to that ideal which is his thought of us.—*Annie Kerry.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, SEPT. 9TH. JOHN III: 1-16.

Jesus and Nicodemus.

BY REV. WALLACE SMITH.

Golden Text.—" God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii: 16).

What made this venerable " master of Israel" sit at the feet of Jesus, with uplifted eyes and expectant heart ? The young rabbi was inexperienced and perhaps unknown to the learned "doctors of the law," who frequented the courts of the Temple; he was but on the threshold of his career as a teacher, and, as yet, had not gathered more than a mere handful of disciples around him. Ah, the new Teacher that had risen in Israel had already evinced a power that was unknown in the world ! All the schools of Jewry had not produced a rabbi whose wisdom equalled his. The miraculous power he had shown at Cana, the inherent authority with which he had acted in the Temple, the wisdom which he had displayed at his first passover in Jerusalem, all were witness to the fact that this Jesus was "a *teacher come from God.*" And well does the evangelist tell us that Jesus "knew what was in man," for he evidently knew what was in the mind of Nicodemus, and brought that ruler of the Jews to his presence "by night." This man may be walking in the darkness, but his face is turned towards the light. He recognized the wisdom of the heavenly Teacher, and, himself a master, he knew that the rabbi had a knowledge of things which all the learning of the schools could not furnish. Christ was the greatest teacher the world ever saw. With marvelous precision he could see where his disciples stood. He does not reprove Nicodemus that he seeks his presence under the protecting shades of evening. He rather sees in him a soul that is seeking for more light, and a higher life, than even a study of the law and the prophets could give him. Like the young ruler who afterwards came to him, and whom Jesus loved for his purity and earnestness (Luke xviii: 18), like the scribe of whom Jesus said he was "not far from the kingdon of God" (Mark xii: 34). Jesus saw in them and in Nicodemus devout souls seeking to rise to a higher knowledge of God, and a wider vision of his goodness, through the only way at their command. He will not turn these seeking souls away empty. He will gently lead them up, if they will follow, into the paths of righteousness and peace.

The Necessity of Regeneration (1-3) The teachings of Jesus had spread rapidly among all classes. Already the people were drawn to his side. Disciples were eagerly drinking in his words of heavenly wisdom. Even the Pharisees were listening to his discourses, and were evidently touched by his thoughtful earnestness and wise sayings. Nicodemus was one of that sect, a ruler, a member of Sanhedrin, perhaps president of a synagogue, and his first words are, " Rabbi"—my Master—"*we know* that thou art a teacher come from God." Oh, if the Pharisees had only improved this knowledge in which they began by cultivating the acquaintance with this heaven-sent Rabbi, what a different tale we would have to-day ! If they had only held to the belief that God was with Christ, enabling him to do these miracles, how well it might have been for them ! But this one instance we have of a candid soul acknowledging the mission of Christ and looking to him for more light in the heavenly way. Nicodemus may be walking outwardly in darkness, but the dawn is near. See how he testifies to the influence of Christ's teaching (John vii: 50), and mark how he has grown in Christ-like love (John xix: 39), and we will learn how the seed sown in his mind in this night-school with Jesus as Teacher transformed this Pharisee into a true disciple of our Lord. It was a new doctrine, that Christ taught, one that even a master of Israel could not comprehend. To be born again "from above"—how could such a thing be ? But to make that rebirth the condition of entrance into the kingdom of God surely this were more than could be asked of man to And yet here at the very outset of his teaching Christ unfolds to this seeking soul one of the most profound mysteries of our faith. The present life, into which the first birth has introduced us, is of this world; the higher life into which we seek to enter is of heaven. And so the new nature, which is fit to be in the kingdom of God, must be obtained through a new birth. Yet we sometimes think that a master in Israel ought to have been somewhat prepared for this teaching. Had not the Psalmist aspired to something like this when he cries, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me" (Ps. li: 10). That was the Old Testament way of putting the necessity of a new birth, a being born "from above." Only the power of God could produce it, hence the Psalmist's prayer.

The Nature of Regeneration (Vs. 4-8). It was a spiritual birth into a spiritual life. The old nature, with its corruptions and weakness, failings and mortality, belong to this earthly life. That was, perhaps, as far as Nicodemus could go; it is as far as a great number at the present time can follow him. And, though they can understand how "*that which is born of the flesh is flesh,*" and see it all around them, yet they cannot carry the analogy further, into the realm of the spiritual, and see "*that which is born of the spirit is spirit.*" When the Spirit of God acts within one, and by its power renews the whole man after the image of Christ, then the whole nature becomes changed, and it comes to pass that, when we are Christ's, we "become new creatures"; not merely transformed, but "new creatures." Now, a new creature implies the operation of the creative power of God, and hence it follows that the Spirit, by its regenerative power, produces that which is able to enter the kingdom of God. Nicodemus may well marvel; many an one has thought it a hard saying. He may be willing to admit the need of a change of being, but a new birth—how can it be ! And, yet, who shall say that, great as this mystery of regeneration is, it has not been wonderfully manifested in the world since it was first taught by the great Teacher. Many an one has felt the Spirit's power in their heart, and realized that, under its regenerating influence, they have passed from a lower into a higher kind of life. The old nature has died within them, and they have emerged into all the joyousness of a new life in Christ. How it was they cannot say; they felt it, but are unable to describe its process. All the old desires and weaknesses, the former nature has passed away, and in its place a new man, filled with the fulness of Christ. It is beyond their power to explain; all they can say is to repeat the words of Christ; they cannot tell whence it came, or whither it goeth. "*So it is to be born of the Spirit.*"

The Effect of Regeneration (Vs. 9-13). Perhaps if Nicodemus had been able rightly to interpret the Scriptures of the Old Testament he would have learned that man, until regenerated by the Holy Spirit, must remain subject to sin and death. From these penalties Christ had come to relieve mankind. It was natural, therefore, that he, the Saviour of the world, the Lamb of God appointed to take away the sin of the world, should know all these things. Deep and mysterious as the doctrine of regeneration may seem to our minds, we must remember it is not a theory, but a fact, one of the principles upon which our faith rests, and so we must accept it on the words of Christ: "He spake that he did know, and testified that he had seen." In him was all knowledge, and as he had come from heaven he could tell us of heavenly things. From him, therefore, we accept the condition that to enter into the kingdom of heaven, we must be "born of the spirit"—a perfect renewal by the Holy Spirit, and an intimate union with Christ; and how shall this be manifest ? If we would know what are the effects of this new birth, let us turn to the Epistles by John, and find there (I John iii: 24) that one of the effects is *the certainty of the knowledge of the indwelling Christ abiding in us.* The spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God (I John iv: 2), and hence, we are prepared by this for the most precious truth in the Holy Scriptures—the manifestation of the love of God, in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The Central Truth of the Bible (Vs. 14-16). Perhaps it might be said that no single passage of God's Word has been so much blessed to fallen humanity as these few verses. They have opened up the heart of many a sinner to admit a flood of light and love into its dark recesses. It has pointed many a despairing soul to look up to its Saviour, and enabled the eye of faith to look up through the mists that surround it, to see its great high priest at the golden altar ministering there in its behalf. That simple belief in Christ should transform the dying sinner into a living saint, and remove the sentence of condemnation, setting in its place the gospel of pardon and peace, is, perhaps, more than humanity could look for. But who shall ever be able suitably to comprehend that love of God here displayed ? Who shall ever fathom the depth of that love, or compass the range of that single phrase, "God *so* loved the world." Luther called it the Bible in miniature, and used to say that if all the rest of the Bible were lost but this portion, it would be sufficient to give sinners an assurance of salvation sufficient for the need. Notice the intense significance of that little word "so," how it seems to widen our view of the infinitude of the love of God ! We may stand upon the shore of the Pacific ocean, and in thought travel all round its extent, but not even through all eternity could one ever hope to get all round this infinite love of God, as set forth in the words, "God *so* loved the world." Thought must leave it among the things that are incomprehensible. But this infinite love of God applies to all who will avail themselves of it. "That *whosoever* believeth in him." That takes in all. If this "*whosoever*" is not infinite it is because the sum total of humanity to whom it applies is finite in number. But it comprehends all who will believe in the name of Jesus Christ. Oh, what love is this, that God not only accepts the sacrifice given by Jesus Christ, but receives all who believe in him into everlasting life ! So to believe, is the work of the Spirit in the heart, and they that believe are born "from above" in the regeneration of the Spirit, that worketh whensoever and wheresoever it will.

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Wednesday, August 29, 1894.

A STRAINED SITUATION.

Some statements have been made by the Rev. Alexander Robertson of Venice concerning the King of Italy, and the state of feeling there toward the Papacy, which sounds as if colored by a sanguine Protestantism. Those who recall how the early reaction against the Church of Rome in the sixteenth century was made to vanish will not expect too much in our day. Dr. Robertson describes Humbert as a genuinely Christian man, as well as greatly popular in the nation. On a recent visit to Venice, the whole city arose to bid him welcome. The only houses which were without decoration were those occupied by the priests.

This attitude of the priesthood, especially when it is maintained under the confessedly able administration of Leo XIII, keeps up a severe tension. The Italian kingdom has been passing through great distress. The tremendous taxation necessary to give military prestige, and to make public improvements, coupled with some scandals of financial incapacity in high positions, were enough to undermine a throne unless it were deep in the affections of the people. For the priesthood attribute every disaster as a judgment of God upon a rebellious court.

To show how sharp the tension is, we are told that on the occasion of the Emperor William's presence on a Sunday, neither monarch attended the theater, but Italy's King was obliged to attend church in his private chapel.

"The King of Italy could not, would not, deign to cross for worship the threshold of a Church that is the enemy of the throne and of the people, a Church that has excommunicated him, the Government, and all the civic authorities in the land."

This state of things, it is argued, cannot remain. Reconciliation, compromise or dissolution must take place—which shall it be? Shall the King of Italy establish a reformed national Church? But if he should, how shall the country escape the fatality which is inherent in a Church that is ruled by the secular arm? Will the present King be succeeded by a wise and patriotic and sincerely Christian son? Let there be, instead, truly free, self-governing, independent churches, owing allegiance to one Master.

In the report of one of our larger churches it was lately said that there would be difficulty in meeting the current expenses; and then, it was added, probably the benevolent contributions will be reduced. That meant more than it seemed. For the question would immediately arise, if that is to be so in the case of this large and well-to-do congregation is it not to be so through the entire list of 5,140 churches? If so, what a shrinking there will be! What hardship this shrinking will involve! Yet there is no benevolent work doing which does not need to be extended rather than diminished. Is it not to be hoped that there will be Christians and churches who will say, Whatever curtailment we have to make, we will not make it in the pittances that we have been wont to give to the treasurers of charity and missions. Heroism of sacrifice is what the hard times call for.

It turns out, as might have been safely predicted, that Satolli's order sustaining Bishop Watterson was issued not so much in the interest of temperance as in the maintenance of episcopal authority. It is, no doubt, true that other bishops than Watterson — even Corrigan himself — recognize the scandal of too much liquor-selling in the Catholic communion. Not a few are sincerely desirous of purging the body. We honor such, and are hopeful of improvement. Yet it is well known that the chief sin, in the view of Romanist discipline, is the disposition to reject or to question the clerical dominion. The men of immoral lives can remain in the Church much more undisturbed than the men of pure lives who are insubordinate to the priesthood in matters which otherwise do not affect character.

In the *British Weekly* several divines, as Marcus Dods, Professor Adeney, Professor G. A. Smith and Principal H. R. Reynolds, have been giving a list of the hundred foremost authors or books for religious reading and study. The lists, as far as given, impress the American reader with some faint surprise, because among these few essential works so meager a number are such as saw the light on this side of the Atlantic.

The Northfield Conference never fails to be memorable. This year a daughter of the late Dr. Budington was tempted to give the needed chapel for the Mt. Hermon school. ——There is, evidently, a forward movement among the Friends; they have had a congress. Some societies seem inclined to have "hireling" pastors, also.——The Presbyterian Synod of Japan exercised one of the darling privileges of a church court—deposed the author of "The Japanese Bride" from the ministry. That was not a matter of doctrine, but a matter of taste.——It has been lately urged that not Volapuk, but Greek, should be the international language, especially for science.—— The Epworth League in the Methodist Episcopal Church is to undertake to raise $500,000 for a hall and professorship in the University proposed at Washington, D. C. Isn't it well to bear the yoke in youth?—— The last addition to the equipment of a theological seminary is suggested; it is a trip to the Holy Land. There is no doubt that one prophecy is being fulfilled—that "many will run to and fro."——Miss Annie Taylor and her party of missionaries were honorably entertained by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, but the Government refuses its permission for her to attempt entrance into Thibet.——Things sacred and profane get very much mixed, when we are told that on Corbett the pugilist's arrival in Ballinrobe, Ireland, the birthplace of his father, thousands assembled at the station, and he afterwards gave a performance in aid of the erection of a new chapel for his Uncle James.

In former legislatures in this State for years past, attempts have been made by the saloon men to have a law passed which shall permit saloons all over the State with a uniform low license. This would do away with local option, and enable a man to open a saloon anywhere he pleases by paying a State license. The platform of the Republican party, made in the interests of the saloon men, shows that a strong attempt will be made in the coming legislature to pass such a law, and it will succeed unless good people wake up and elect right men to the legislature. That platform says: "Neither prohibitory laws nor unequal exactions should result from either State, county or municipal enactments." This means the same license law for the whole State, having which you cannot shut the saloon out of your beautiful town or your temperance county. This miserable curse will be forced upon you by a State law, made by the liquor parties who run the politics of the State. Good people, will you see the peril in which you are placed, and combine to send men to the legislature pledged against this great wrong? We have never been so thoroughly and completely in the power of the liquor men as at this time. Never has the Republican party dared to present such a platform before. Saloon men intend to rule the State; they are bold and insolent; they pay no attention to moral, religious, temperance voters. Good men, you must resent this degradation. Saloon men cannot rule this fair State *unless you let them.*

Some little time since members of the Salvation Army in Glasgow reported that on a Saturday evening they watched eight saloons and counted the number of visitors. There were 2,308 men and 365 women who entered in the course of a single hour. Furthermore, they examined the records of the criminal courts, and found that 67,000 women had been brought before them on the charge of drunkenness, disorderly conduct, or personal assault, and more than 13,000 convicted. The result of this report, which made quite a sensation in the city, has been that the churches have been roused, and are planning to work unitedly in the effort to overcome this condition of things.

Major-General Dimond, in command of the National Guard of California, which was called out at the time of the strike, has made his report to Governor Markham. The troops failed to do that for which they were called out, especially in Sacramento. And the report of Gen. Dimond does not relieve himself or the other officers in command, including Marshall Baldwin, from a large part of the responsibility for this failure. From his own showing the troops were badly handled. Our State has gained no credit for the conduct of its military, either soldiers or officers, during the last few months. When Gen. Dimond left his command after such a failure, and came back to this city ostensibly to attend to the general direction of military affairs, he was thought to have acted not at all to his credit; that he did not show courage or persistence. Our State troops are being supported, both officers and men, at heavy expense. Many are wondering if the money is well expended. Either let us have military forces who are worth something when the need comes, or else let us be relieved of the expense of any at all. It must be said, however, that after the first failure and showing of the white feather, the military appeared to much better advantage, and bore hardships without a murmur, and seemed to want to retrieve their honor and lost good name. This the soldiers did. What of the officers? May it be many a long day before troubles in our own fair State shall give cause for the State troops again to take the field. But if the call should come again, may there be no question about the courage and the wisdom of those who are in command. Let needed changes be made to secure such an end.

The McKinley tariff law, after being in operation for four years, has been superseded by the new law just passed by Congress without the signature of the President. He would not sign it, and in a letter written last Monday he expresses his "utmost disappointment" at the result. Congress adjourned yesterday, and the result of its action will be seen at the poles in the autumn elections. *Harper's Weekly* says:

> The acceptance by the House of Representatives of the Senate tariff bill is a surrender of the Democratic party to a small coterie of Senators who have been the active agents of the Sugar Trust. It is the defeat of the just expectations of the people who placed the Democratic party in power in both the executive and legislative branches of the Government, believing that it would reform the tariff. This disappointment has been anticipated, but the contempt and anger which it has aroused will not be the less for that reason. The Democratic party has failed to perform what it has itself declared again and again to be its mission. It has, therefore, invited distrust and defeat, and will assuredly receive its deserts. What hope it has for the future lies in the promised blundering of Republican politicians like ex-Speaker Reed and Senator Lodge, who are endeavoring to negotiate an alliance with the Populists. * * This much, however, is certain, that for the first time in the history of the country a single monopoly—audacious, insolent, and confessedly corrupt—has succeeded in dictating to Congress a law affecting the general welfare, the revenues of the Government, and the tariff policy of the country. And for this consummation the Democratic party is responsible.

A new treaty was ratified last Saturday between Japan and Great Britain by the terms of which the claim of "extra territorial jurisdiction" by the latter nation is abandoned. The right of Japan to administer justice to the people of Great Britain residing in Japan is thus recognized, and made the law, the same as with other civilized nations. It is thought that a similar treaty will be made with the United States and other European powers. The time may have come when such reciprocal arrangements can be safely and wisely made, and Japan be admitted to the rank of a civilized nation. It is singular, though, that such action should be taken at this crisis, when Japan is engaged in a great war with China, the outcome of which is not at all certain. Though, if the courage and assurance of the Japanese are to be taken as a guarantee, they are sure to win. For it is reported that they purpose at once to carry the war out of Corea into China, and march on Peking.

About the first of the month there was quite a riot in Quebec, in which about 5,000 Roman Catholics attacked the French Baptist Mission, broke in the doors and windows, and would have maltreated the occupants but for the interposition of the police, who, however, merely dispersed the crowd, making no arrests. One of the newspapers had excited the passions of the populace by inveighing against this Mission for its work among Roman Catholics, identifying it with the Salvation Army. The best papers denounced the outrage, and the one that instigated the riot offered a formal but rather weak apology.

The opening exercises of the Pacific Theological Seminary will be held in the chapel Tuesday, September 4th, at 10 A. M.; address by the President, Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D. The occasion is public, and friends are cordially invited to attend. The term will begin with a full faculty. An encouraging number of new students is already assured.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: Sheik's mother was a beautiful Arabian, with all the Arab's marks of high heeding on her—the pride of the desert. But her fond owner left her ankle chains off one day, and the covetous eye of a thief fell on her, who sped her away across the Euphrates, and hid her behind the stone walls of an Aintab corral. Not until she had reared eight colts and become disabled by accident did it transpire where the equine beauty had been hidden. Foremost of these sons was Sheik, who was, according to President Fuller's judgment, the finest horse he had ever seen in the Orient. He bought him as a colt from a father who saw the fine colt was threatening the hurt of the boy. How many men there are who are hurt by horses! And yet they are among the all things our Father gives u richly to enjoy.

As we left the blue sea and girded ourselves for the journey from Iskanderoon to the Euphrates, President Fuller said, "There is your horse, Brother Williams; mount him." Besides the springs in my heart I found a thousand springs were under me. How splendidly had the dear foreign missionary fulfilled his promise to give me a horse if I would come and see him! To the Euphrates, where Jacob crossed to come to Bethel, to Marash, to Antioch, and by moonlight across the hot plain of Adana, where we dare not ride in the sun, over the very trail of the Amanus mountains, where Darius came to be defeated by Alexander, this beautiful horse bore me without a fault. His head was the fine typical Arab. His ears were small; his eye wide awake and intelligent. His mane was flowing. He loved to have his forelock combed. His tail swept the ground—almost. Chestnut in color, almost black. Electioneer was not more beautiful. With such care as Electioneer had, he would have captured the eye of a Stanford.

We traveled a week with some soldiers who were bringing four beautiful horses as a gift from a desert Pasha to the Sultan, who were as glad of our company to scare off robbers as we were of theirs, and the Sultan's horses were no finer than my Sheik. His trot was an inspiration of fine movement. He would canter gently. To be real honest with my dear readers, I never quite dared let him run. But till this boy heart shall learn what pleasures forevermore at the right hand of God shall be, I shall have the picture of Hagipos in mind, as his red turban and blue blouse flew with Sheik up hill and down, as, brandishing his rifle and shouting to the responsive snorting horse, he rode like a centaur, and gave us a genuine picture of wild, Oriental delight. A child might climb all over him, but with another horse he was ready for war.

On our way to Tarsus by the Adana Mission, he carried me without flinching by the shadow of the moonlight, and I am not ashamed that there were tears in my heart as I kissed the horse good-bye in his starred forehead, and gave the farewell grip to his groom, the beloved and faithful Hagipos. How I longed to bring both of them to California. He knows who reads our heart's secrets; but money is in too great demands for missions for such indulgence now. It was a love gift to surrender him to the dear Aintab College, and I hoped some one would yet make both the Central Turkey College and the State richer by introducing the gentle and fine Arab blood here. And now comes the word that after an evening of unusual playfulness and beautiful equine performance and human heart stealing, the noble steed was found in his stone stall under the rocks, stung to death by a scorpion. Perhaps he was an idol which had to be broken. Yet I will praise his Creator. And I mourn with Hagipos, and reverently lay away the question as a little one among the great questions to be solved in the resurrection morning, what becomes of the noble specimen of the almost human brutes who look so fondly in our eager eyes here. Between the meetings of the celestial city, and as a rest from the ravishments of heavenly music, this child may steal out among the tall reeds growing by the river of water of life, and if there be booths for horses I'll look for Sheik. Won't somebody who loves horses make up his loss to the worthy Aintab College? They are not missionary luxuries. They are the necessities of travel.

FAITHFUL OLD MACK!

Bear with one more horse story. It must out, and proves that, as Doctor John Brown said of the dog Rab, so it is true of horses—"The saddest thing about them is — they die." Mack's mother was one of Hon. William King's importations from Kentucky. His father was a famous Mack, with a record of 2. 22—an ancient Minneapolis racer. This horse came by the hands of a distinguished railroad president, through a California friend, to me, at a nominal price because I would be good to him. And I have. No sin against him will come up against me in the judgment. Thirteen years of faithful brute service for human kindness and appreciation! He has saved my life in accidents, when a fool horse had killed me. I'll spare you the story, but don't touch me about it in private unless you love horse stories. My dear ones have stepped out of the carriage and taken him out of a tangle and hugged his neck for the intelligent faithfulness with which he stood in a snarl of trouble. I can't write all about him. I'm elected to an office, and trouble has begun, as school boys find when vacation is over. And it's Monday morning and cares come like a cloud. O Master, teach us, even by patient brutes, to be patient under burdens.

But there was no room in the car for old Mack; and the mercury goes to "40 degrees below zero" in Minnesota. Grain is high. Hay will be scarce. Horses are cheap. Bicycles and electric cars compete.

The feed of a horse would keep a native missionary in India and his family well. And the dear horse was twenty-one years old—sleek, fat, strong, well, willing, clear-eyed and reliable. Boarded horses miss a master. Men with horse sense enough to care for a borrowed horse have usually grip enough to own one for themselves.

We took a farewell drive. Two sermons in Minneapolis, the sweet air of the morning as we drove in, and the early moonlight as we came home! Old Mack did not know. Faithful and useful to the last day of his life! So may I be. God grant it. He had his last play with the colts—touched noses fondly with graceful Lady; came up for his breakfast. Noble, beautiful, glossy, splendid old Mack!

Axel dug his grave close by the beautiful Minnetonka, where it flows into the winding Minnehaha, under the bluff and the rock where Don and Bessie lie. Eli kindly shot him, and saved me an eye-pang and a heartache. He did not know he was hurt. He lay down in the bed of sweet prairie hay, and there he sleeps the sleep of the good horse.

There's something in my eyes as I write. I am not a whit ashamed. I'd be ashamed not to love a faithful brute who had attained his majority in devoted service. I'd rather be buried near old Mack than by a mean man. There are holy places I'll watch first in the great day, but I'll steal a look where old Mack and noble Don lie—just to see, you know. All the King's surprises for his children are not dreamed of. And now I'll stop my horse stories for a season. For the men of California, who, in the pitiful drouth, have had to shoot scores of noble horses, I've had a thrill sympathy three months long, for old Mack's departure was planned that length of time. We are glad it is over, and the dear old fellow sleeps so well. I had a lot of real good writing in my heart, but I did not get up early enough, and the door bell rings, and it's business now. Boys and girls, big and little, He who turned water into wine at Cana cares about the loved animals you are fond of, and he loves you with an everlasting love! EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

A MISSIONARY FAREWELL.

On Monday afternoon of this week, a very interesting reception and farewell service was given to the seven missionaries of the American Board who sailed for China yesterday. A large company of pastors and friends of missions, filling well the lecture-room of the First church, was present. After introductions and greetings, the missionaries were seated on the platform. Dr. Willett led in prayer. Dr. Brown voiced the feelings of all in tender and earnest words in behalf of the workers and their great work, after which Rev. Walter Frear, the representative of the Board, spoke of the significance of the occasion, and introduced the other speakers. Rev. and Mrs. Arthur H. Smith, for twenty years missionaries in China, touched all hearts with their rich welcome and thoughtful counsel to the new recruits. Rev. C. R. Hager, M.D., well known to our readers, and the only one of the seven who has seen service in China, followed happily with the human frailties and the divinely-inspired motives in missionary service. Rev. C. E Ewing and Rev. G. D. Wilder both made for themselves a warm place in the hearts of all present by their able and fitting speeches, as did also Mrs. Hager, Miss Cheney, Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Wilder. Rev. H. H. Cole and Dr. W. D. Williams commended each one of the missionaries in prayer to the Heavenly Father's keeping and care. Dr. Masters of the M. E. Chinese Mission also spoke. The ladies of the First church provided bountiful refreshments. And so closed a truly impressive and stirring service, which we cannot but think will lead all who were present into a truer appreciation of the missionary spirit, and into an increased interest in the missionary work. Such acquantance with those who go forth to represent us in the great lands of darkness beyond the sea is most desirable. A goodly number of friends gathered at the steamer *China* on Tuesday, and, with song and prayer, bade them farewell.

Never before in the history of the trade have there been such large receipts of California fruit on this market. Last week the receipts were fully 110 cars.—*New York Independent.*

The Fourteenth Annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of California will be held with the Oakland Associations Sept. 12–16, 1894. Being held in connection with the opening of the New Association Building in San Francisco it will probably be a large Convention. Good delegations from the city Associations all over the State are expected. The college Associations will also be well represented. Many prominent Association workers without the State will be present: Mr. L. Wilbur Messer, Gen. Secretary of the Chicago Association; Mr. James Dummett, Traveling Secretary of the Northwest; Mr. Meyers, General Secretary of Portland. One of the International Secretaries is also expected. An unusually strong program has been prepared. There will be a series of Bible Studies on the Holy Spirit, conducted by Rev. Dr. Chapman, Thursday, Friday and Saturday morning from 9 to 10 o'clock. Friday night Dr. C. O. Brown, of San Francisco, will give his famous lecture "The Matchless Character." Saturday night Mr. Messer will give his lecture on "Association Work in the World," illustrated with stereopticon views. Sunday night Rev. Dr. Coyle will give the address at the Union Mass Meeting in the Mills Tabernacle. There will be discussions by leading workers on various phases of Christian work. The public are cordially invited to the meetings of the Convention. All clergymen and also Christian workers from towns without Associations, coming with certificates from their pastors, will be welcomed as corresponding delegates; as such they will be given free entertainment by the Oakland Association, if their names are sent to the General Secretary of that Association, Mr. Noel H. Jocks, not later than September 8th.

The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe Railroads have made a fare of one and one-third for the round trip from all points on their lines. The Pacific Coast Steamship Co. offers a one and one-half fare. This is good for all delegates and corresponding delegates, To procure this rate, certificates must be obtained from the Oakland Association.

Mr. William Reynolds tells some of his experiences in his late trip among the Sunday-schools of California, which are well worth reading: "In one of the county conventions an old lady who thought she could not teach without her 'Lesson Quarterly' came to her class one morning and found she had left her spectacles at home. She said: 'Girls, I have forgotten to bring my spectacles; what will we do? Suppose you teach me the lesson to-day.' They at once assented. She stated: 'We never had such an interesting and profitable time.' It would be well for more teachers to leave their spectacles or 'Lesson Quarterlies' at home. That is the proper place for them. They have no more place in the school than frying-pans, grid-irons or stew-kettles have on the dinner table. They are useful in preparing the lesson, but not in teaching it. We want the Bible only in school. At one of the conventions I was urging upon parents the necessity of home religion and the family altar; at the close of this session a gentleman asked me to spend the night at his home. I found a family of ten beautiful children, the youngest four months old. Before retiring he said: 'Mr. Reynolds, we have never had family prayers in our house. I have determined to erect a family altar, and desire you to commence it.' I did so. It was an impressive scene to see that whole family gather around that altar. It was a new thing to them. When I left in the morning he said: 'This altar, now erected, shall never go down.' I have felt that my visit at that place had not been in vain."

The cost of the New City Hall in this city from 1875 up to July 1st was $5,279,582.30. And what have we to show for such an enormous expenditure? Nothing of which any San Franciscan can be justly proud. There are some good features in the building, but obtained at such a cost! Over against them what samples of jobbery and the worst sort of construction! But a great many people want almost everything done by the municipal, State and general government.

A Pacific Religious Press Association was organized last week in this city with the following officers: President, Rev. John Kimball of THE PACIFIC; Vice-President, Rev. R. P. Wilson of the *Pacific Methodist Advocate*; Secretary, J. E. Gardner of the *Pacific Christian* (formerly the *Harbinger*); Treasurer, Rev. Barton W. Perry of the *Occident*. Meetings will be held monthly or oftener, as seems necessary.

Our San Rafael church enjoyed a plain gospel sermon Sunday evening week on "Christ the Door to the Safe Fold, and the Life of Christian Liberty and Sustenance" (Jno. x: 7), delivered by Rev. Mr. McDonald, former pastor of the Presbyterian church of San Rafael, and now synodical missionary for Northern California, holding the same position that Brother Harrison does in our churches.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

The Santa Clara District Association meets at Pacific Grove, September 11th and 12th.

Rev. Aaron Williams read a paper before the last Monday Club on "The Witness of the Holy Spirit," taking for his text Rom. viii: 16. He spoke from experience, as one who has long had the witness of his acceptance with God; and now, in his old age, with the other world just before him, this witness is his joy and delight. But as in his youth this was the evidence of his fitness to work for the Master, so it is still in declining years, and so he continues to work for souls.

Rev. K. Tsunashima of Tokyo, Japan, was among the visitors at the Club, and will address the meeting next Monday on the "Work in Japan." He has been the pastor of our First church in Tokyo; for some weeks he has been assisting in the good work at Honolulu. He is on his way to Yale College.

Mr. George S. Locke of Lockeford was a visitor at the Club.

Rev. A. C. Hirst of Simpson Memorial M. E. church preached last Sabbath morning in the First church in this city in exchange with pastor C. O. Brown. In the evening Dr. Brown's theme was "William the Silent"; his subject in the series next Sabbath evening will be the very interesting one, "The Pilgrims and the Mayflower, or, the Republic on Shipboard."

At the lecture on the Hawaiian Republic in Plymouth church last Friday evening, the Hawaiian flag was displayed in introducing the lecturer. This is probably the first time that flag has floated in any public assembly in the United States.

Pastor W. C. Pond gave his seventh lecture on Joseph Sunday night; his subject was "Joseph's Theology."

Rev. Philip Coombe preached in Seventh-avenue church on the "Redemption of the Body."

Fifty-five of the children in the Park Sunday-school have taken stock in the *Morning Star*.

Professor Bradley of the State University gave an illustrated lecture on "Siam" in Plymouth-avenue church in the evening.

Prof. R. R Lloyd is home again after a four months' sojourn in the East, where he was enthusiastically received by a host of friends. He occupied Plymouth pulpit Sunday morning, to the delight of all the people.

Prof. R. R. Lloyd's Bible-class, which was so deservedly popular in Plymouth church last season, will be resumed.

Rev. L. L. Wirt preached at Fitchburg and Fruitvale.

Rev. E. D. Haven preached at Saratoga for Brother Cross.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Saratoga church have purchased seventy copies of the New Laudes Domini for the musical uses of that church.

Rev. Joseph Rowell spent a very hot Sabbath in Suisun, preaching morning and evening.

Rev. E. D. Weage of National City is called to our church in Tulare.

EASTERN.

Plymouth church, Indianapolis, has met with a great loss. Deacon Lewis H. Jones of that church, a valuable member, has removed to Cleveland, where he has been appointed superintendent of the city schools. He has been for many years superintendent of the schools of Indianapolis.

The church in Peacham, Vt., held its centennial anniversary August 14th. Rev. Leonard Worcester, the first pastor of this church, remained with it forty years. Rev. J. A. Worcester, ex-President Bartlett, and many others who have been connected with the town, were present.

The new house of worship of the church at Lakeview, Mich., was saved at the great fire at that place. The pastor, Rev. Chas. H. Seaver, and wife were away. They saved a horse and buggy and the harness. Nearly everything else was lost.

The Evangelistic Association of New England has now twenty-seven evangelists at work, and four tents in use. These tents are now in South Braintree, Somerville and Quincy, Mass., and North Tiverton, R. I.

Twelve thousand dollars having been subscribed, Plymouth church, Oshkosh, Wis., has begun the erection of an excellent house of worship. The corner-stone was laid August 12th.

Rev. A. T. Reid of Oberlin is doing evangelical work in some of the churches of Ohio, staying a week with a church. The effort has so far been greatly blessed.

Rev. Henry C. Hurlbut has resigned at Northport, Mich., after being pastor of the church at that place thirty-three years. His son William H. will succeed him.

The American Missionary Association meets at Lowell October 23d-25th.

The venerable Dr. C. Chiniquy of Montreal on July 30th reached the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birthday, and the event was celebrated by a presentation by a number of Canadian Protestants in recognition of his indefatigable efforts on behalf of liberty of speech and conscience.

FROM OREGON.

What is known as the Central Congregational Sunday-school was recently organized in Salem by Rev. Charles H. Curtis, at the instance of Rev. P. S. Knight. Fifty-three persons united in the organization at the outset, and twenty-three names were given for a church organization. The location of the organization is about one and a half miles from the center of the city eastward.

Rev. G. W. Nelson and wife of the Kalama church worshiped with us today. He reports everything moving forward there favorably.

Hassalo-street church was supplied by Superintendent Clapp to-day.

Professor Bates and family of Forest Grove worshiped with us to day. They leave to-morrow for Long Beach, where they will remain some time by the sounding sea. They have been somewhat delayed in going on their annual vacation because of building a cottage at Forest Grove, which required their superintendence.

Rev. Frederick Crang, M.D., of Forest Grove, preached in the Hillsboro church last Sunday, and supplies the Forest Grove church today. Pastor Rogers, having recovered from his illness, is in the mountains gaining health and weight.

A cordial reception was given last Wednesday evening by the Y. M. C. A. of this city to Mr. Marion M. Meyers, the new General Secretary. A large number were present, including a number of prominent business men who have always shown a keen interest in Association work. Mr. Meyers begins his work amid most favorable surroundings.

Rev. D. G. Collins, who for eight years past has been a missionary at Cheung, Siam, under the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, arrived here recently, and is visiting among friends. He will soon go to Worcester, Ohio, with his wife and four children, where he will enjoy a furlough of one year and then return. Speaking of Siam, Mr. Collins says: "The country is at a stand, and business of all kinds is practically dead. This unfortunate condition of affairs has been brought about by the troubles with France, and a great difference of opinion prevails as to what will ultimately become of Siam. Since my arrival in the United States, I learn that Chulalongkorn I, the king of Siam, is dead, and the fact will only serve to complicate affairs. We have the French to the east approaching China, and the latter country to the north, while England is at our western boundary. All are continually encroaching upon Siamese territory. As a people, the native residents of Siam have not been progressive. One short line of railway is in operation, and another is being constructed to some mines near the eastern boundary, where gold, coal, and rubies are said to exist, but the actual value of the mines is as yet indefinite. There are perhaps one hundred Americans in the country, mostly employed in mission work, and in Bangkok I met Mr. John Barrett, formerly of Portland, whom I found pleasantly located as United States minister, and also a young man named Sandry, formerly living here, who has a position in a drug store there. The United States is not commercially interested in Siam, for some reason. I saw a small lot of Portland flour at Bangkok, and also some canned goods, but, generally speaking, products of this country are not to be found in Siam. Our mission work is progressing well, and is hopeful in every respect. Our mission is in the Laos country, 500 miles north of Bangkok, and was established in 1867. During the first twenty years, we had only five missionaries; eight years ago there were 250 adult converts, and at present we have 1,800, with a Christian population of about 3,000, including children. This does not include Siam proper, but the Laos country is considered as a tributary to that government. We have four stations with at least 200 boys and 125 girls attending school. We have also a printing press and medical missionaries at each station. Each year our work is more hopeful, and, wherever our people go, among Christians or heathens, they are received with great kindness, and are on the best of terms with the ruling princes."

A very interesting, impressive and helpful sermon was given by Dr. Wallace this morning. His theme was, "Does Religion Pay in This Life?" His text was from I Tim. iv: 8, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." A fervent appeal was made for more earnestness of purpose and higher ideals in Christian living. This evening he will speak on "The Story of American Influence in the Hawaiian Islands."

On next Tuesday and Wednesday Dr. Wallace will give his lectures on "Wendell Phillips" and "The Human Kaleidoscope" at the Southern Oregon Chautauqua Assembly at Ashland. GEO. H. HIMES.

PORTLAND, Aug. 26, 1894.

VACATION WORK.

DEAR PACIFIC: I want to tell your large family of readers how Rev. H. H. Cole of Olivet church spent his vacation in northeastern Siskiyou. He has peculiar ideas as to how best to enjoy a time of relaxation and rest; and as they are not copyrighted I will give a brief outline of them, hoping it may lead other city ministers to "go and do likewise." He believes in working while resting—working with all his heart and all his might, and the indications are that he had the best kind of a good time, for he was as happy and jolly all the time as he could be.

He came here the beginning of June, just when the evenings were short and the people were pressed with work; still there were good congregations every night for a week, and at three services on Sunday. He then went to Scott Valley for a month; returning, special meetings were held in Hornbrook, continuing over two Sundays, and at Big Spring (Mayten) for four days, closing his labors with a grand rally and consecration meeting in Little Shasta, July 29th. Besides the above, he preached two Sunday afternoons in Pokegama, and one Sunday afternoon at Big Spring, and Mrs. Cole held woman's meetings in Little Shasta, Hornbrook, Henley and Pokegama. And when you add to all this public service the personal work in which those consecrated servants of the Lord were engaged almost every hour of every day while they were here, you will be able to realize what a unique, what a delightful, vacation this good brother and sister enjoyed in the far North.

I ought to say, also, that Brother Cole is an ideal evangelist from a pastor's standpoint. He has no hobbies or fads, avoids all undue excitement, preaches the gospel in all its fulness, with the gentle, kind earnestness of love. There are no mistakes to deplore and no reaction to burden and discourage, but a good, healthy, spiritual state that makes it easier to build up along the ordinary lines of church work than before he came.

The results of these meetings are not so easily given. The records show three additions to the church at Little Shasta, seven at Hornbrook and a new church organization at Big Spring of nine members; all of these were not brought in through those meetings, but nearly all of them and many of the old stand-bys and some belonging to other branches of the household of faith, were blessed and helped and strengthened by those meetings, and besides over forty other persons have signed cards, which at least means thought, desire and purpose, more or less definite, and a working chance, and a better prospect for a harvest in days to come. (REV.) E. HOSKINS.

LITTLE SHASTA.

DEACON WILLIAM A. TRACY.

I find a mournful pleasure in paying a brief tribute to my old and faithful friend, my brother in Christ and my co-worker in the gospel, Deacon Tracy, who was born of good New England stock at Cornish, N. H., May 30, 1820, and died in Sacramento, August 8, 1894. His father was a deacon for many years in the Congregational church in Cornish, and the son followed in his footsteps. Leaving his rural home at an early age, he went to Boston and became a member of the Salem church, then under the pastorate of Dr. Edward Beecher, for whom Deacon Tracy ever cherished a deep reverence. One of the familiar sights in his home, during all the forty years of my acquaintanceship with him, was a portrait of that great man's noble face. While in Boston he made the acquaintance of a young widow, who as Mrs. Tracy many have reason to call blessed. Without the title, she was in this city and afterwards in Downieville, and indeed, wherever she lived, according to the measure of her ability, a deaconess indeed. She preceded her husband in reaching her heavenly home by about two years.

After their marriage they removed from Boston to Lawrence, Mass., and at once united with the Lawrence-street church, of whose pastor at that time—Rev. Lyman Whiting—Deacon Tracy used often to speak with hearty admiration. Indeed, I doubt if he ever was otherwise than heartily and almost excessively loyal to those who were privileged to be his ministers. When he came to California, in the autumn of 1849, it was with reference to inspection of the new land, and when returning for his wife and son, he made with them another voyage around Cape Horn, it was for permanent settlement. Such men coming to California as a home-land were rare at that time. He did not forget to take church letters, nor did they lie unused. Soon after he landed in San Francisco, the *Tradewind* arrived with an assorted cargo, in which was included a company of home missionaries (eight in number), six destined to California and two to Oregon. One in the former group—the writer of this—was set at work in the northern part of San Francisco, and when his church-building was first opened on Greenwich street, to his joy, Deacon and Mrs. Tracy were found there. They were two in the little company of eight who united in organising the Greenwich-street church, and Mr. Tracy was one of its first deacons. How much he contributed by his tract-distribution, his visiting, his contributions and counsels, to make that little church as efficient as it was during the two years and a half of our work there, I have not space to tell. When leaving San Francisco, I went to Downieville. Mrs. Tracy accompanied us, and Deacon Tracy soon followed. During the ten years of my service there, he was a deacon of the church he helped to organize, and he "used the office of a deacon well," and so "purchased for himself a good degree" (I Tim. iii: 13.)

Since leaving Downieville I have not had the privilege of leaning upon him as my Aaron or Hur; but have been in frequent association with him, and know that what he was with me, that he has been ever since, wherever his lot was cast. Never in affluent circumstances, often through one enterprise which sometimes outran his resources, thrown into financial perplexities, he never lost heart or ceased from industry, or willingly brought loss to any one. A diligent student of the Bible, a close listener to sermons, able always to give a clean and full account of that which he had heard, never absent from the midweek meeting, and holding time and strength and all it was in him to do at the service of the Church of Christ, I believe he has heard now his Master's welcome—"Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

WILLIAM C. POND.

CHILDREN'S DAY CONTRIBUTIONS

FROM CENTRAL AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA TO THE C. S. S. AND P. S.

Pacific Grove Sunday-school	$ 5 25
Martinez Sunday-school	12 65
Slate Creek Sunday-school	90
Lewiston Sunday-school	7 15
First Sunday-school, San Francisco	12 00
Pierce-street Sunday-school, San Francisco	6 00
Third Sunday-school, San Francisco	15 00
Olivet Sunday-school, San Francisco	6 25
Plymouth Church and Sunday-school San Francisco	23 35
Bethany Church and Sunday-school, San Francisco	25 00
First Sunday-school, Oakland	48 02
Plymouth-avenue Sunday-school, Oakland	9 25
Fourth Sunday-school, Oakland	21 05
Market-street Sunday-school, Oakland	11 00
Pilgrim Sunday-school, Oakland	11 15
Bonny Doon Sunday-school	3 20
Suisun Sunday-school	3 05
Lodi Sunday-school	12 71
Crockett Sunday-school	11 25
Weaverville Sunday-school	12 05
North Berkeley Sunday-school	5 00
Alameda Sunday-school	25 80
San Juan Sunday-school	10 00
Corralitos Sunday-school	6 50
Fruitvale Sunday-school (Fresno county)	1 65
Lockewood Sunday-school	2 55
Petaluma Church	2 65
Paraiso Springs Sunday-school	1 75
San Jose Sunday-school	14 85
Dallas Sunday-school	2 45
Berkeley First Sunday-school	29 25
Vacaville Sunday-school	7 00
Ocean View Sunday-school, San Francisco	4 65
Benicia Sunday-school	6 25
Kenwood Sunday-school	4 50
Lockeford Sunday-school	5 86
Etna Mills Sunday-school	6 00
Niles Sunday-school	5 00
Stockton Sunday-school	8 05
Grass Valley Sunday-school	21 75
San Mateo Sunday-school	10 50
Rio Vista Sunday-school	10 25
Buena Vista Sunday-school	1 10
Green Valley Sunday-school	2 70
Oleander Sunday-school	5 15
Douglass City Sunday-school	3 55
Tulare Sunday-school	3 00
Auburn Sunday-school	6 00
Galt Sunday-school	60
Sonoma Sunday-school	5 00
Lincoln Sunday-school	20 00
Sebastopol Sunday-school	10 50
Stone Corral Sunnay-school	7 30
Santa Cruz Sunday-school	28 25
Saratoga Church and Sunday-school	26 65
Callahans Sunday-school	4 75
Mound Sunday-school	2 50
McConaughy Sunday-school	2 55
Campbells Sunday-school	6 60
Sunol Glen Sunday-school	6 30
Byron Sunday-school	5 50
Dougherty Station Sunday-school	4 50
Cottonwood Sunday-school	1 72
Ferndale Sunday-school	7 50
Hydesville Sunday-school	11 25
Bethany Sunday-school	3 35
Mayhew Sunday-school	1 46
Etta Sunday-school	5 27
Palermo Sunday-school	7 81
Pixley and Elk Bayou Sunday-school	78
Eureka Church and Sunday-school	10 00
Plymouth Sunday-school, Eureka	1 25
Coho Sunday-school	3 15
Liberty Sunday-school	3 25
Woodland Church and Sunday-school	12 35
Pescadero Sunday-school	1 50
Soquel Sunday-school	9 60
Mountain Sunday-school	4 45
Black Diamond Sunday-school	3 50
Lorin Sunday-school	3 20
South Vallejo Sunday-school	4 50
Oroville Sunday-school	10 00
Sacramento Sunday-school	5 35
Santa Rosa Sunday-school	4 00
Total	$716 28

There are a few schools yet to hear from which, it is believed, will bring the amount up to $750. If so, we will have equalled our Children's Day offering of last year, something which we are exceedingly grateful for, this year of almost universal shrinkage in benevolences. Only a few schools have increased their contribution—notably Lincoln—but an exceedingly encouraging sign is the large increase in the number of those remembering the Society's work this year. LOYAL L. WIRT, Supt.

The M. E. Japanese church, Rev. Dr. C. M. Harris minister, has a new church building under way on Pine street, between Hyde and Larkin streets. An excellent lot was bought here two years ago. Last Sabbath the corner-stone of the new church was laid with fitting ceremonies. The size of the building is 50x70 feet, and it will cost $8,000.

The mansion which George Vanderbilt is building at Asheville, N. C., will be a magnificent one. It has a frontage of 400 feet, and is 1,800 feet around. The contract for slating its roof is said to be the largest one undertaken in this country. It will require 1,100 squares of slate, each square containing 100 square feet. A Pennsylvania railroad shop at Altoona, Penn., has the next largest roof, containing 700 squares of slate. The banquet hall is 42x72, and it extends to the top of the house. Mr. Vanderbilt has 800 employes on the place, which in area covers 30,000 acres. There are already constructed sixty miles of macadamized road.—*Ex.*

MARRIED.

BURGESS — ABERNETHY. — At Dora, Coos county, Oregon, July 22, 1894, by Rev. C. H. Curtis, Rev. H. F. Burgess of Auburn, Cal., and Miss Carrie A. Abernethy of Dora, Oregon.

ECKHARDT—BULSON—In this city, August 20, 1894, by Rev. W. D Williams, George E. Eckhardt and Edith G. Bulson, both of San Francisco.

SMITH—PIERCE—In this city, August 26th, 1894, by Rev. W. D. Williams, Thomas W. Smith and Lillie J. Pierce, both of San Francisco.

WEYEHR—KEYSOR.—By Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., Mr. William H. Weyehr and Miss Wilbrough A. Keysor.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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AMICK'S CONSUMPTION CURE, price reduced to	$9 00
Viavi, genuine, regular price $3, our price	$2 50
Warner's Plasters, the best made	15
Belladonna Plasters, 10c; 3 for	25
Mellin's Food; small, 35c; large	55
Ayer's Pectoral and Cuticura Resolvent	70
Trusses others ask $4 to $10, our price, $1 75 to	5 00
Silk Stockings	3 50
Electric Belts	5 00
Obesity Belts, any size	2 25
Galvanic or Faradic Batteries, $5, $7 and	10 00
Peake's Inhaler, the celebrated catarrh cure	1 50
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Feet.

A plump little foot, as white as the snow,
Belonging to rollicking, frolicksome Joe,
In a little red sock, with a hole in the toe,
And a hole in the heel as well.

A trim little foot, in a trim little shoe,
Belonging to sixteen-year-old Miss Sue,
And looking as if it knew just what to do,
And do it in a way that would tell.

A very large foot in a homely array,
Belonging to Peter who follows the dray,
So big that it sometimes is in its own way,
And moves with the speed of a snail.

Ah, a very big thing is the human foot,
In dainty-made shoe or in clumsy boot,
So 'tis well there are various tastes to suit,
And that fashion can't always prevail.

The plump little foot, a beautiful sight,
And the trim little foot, so taper and slight,
And the very large foot, though much of a fright,
Are traveling all the same road.

And it matters but little how small or how great,
So they never grow weary of paths that are straight,
And at last walk in at the golden gate
Of the city whose builder is God.

—*The Evangelist.*

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Ben Martyn set down a basket on the slippery sidewalk and signaled the car, which was dragging slowly up a hill. The driver looked cross at the idea of stopping again

"This is the third time I have had to stop the car since I started up the hill," he said, in a grumbling tone.

Ben looked sympathetic.

"It is too bad," he said; "if I had thought so far I could have waited; but my thoughts always come afterward."

There was one vacant seat, and no room for basket or bundles. Ben took the seat; but at the top of the hill the car stopped again, and a feeble old lady in a calico dress came in. Ben jumped to his feet.

"Take my seat," he said, cheerfully, as if it were a great pleasure to stand.

The woman took it, and she forgot to thank him, but I know she was grateful.

Folks kept crowding into the car. One man jostled against Ben, and knocked the smaller basket out of his arms, and red and green apples went rolling over the dirty car.

"That's bad," the man said, heartily, but he didn't offer to pick them up.

"Never mind," said Ben, cheerily, accidents will happen, especially when they don't give us more elbow-room than this. It's lucky it wasn't the other basket; they are eggs. I'm afraid they wouldn't pick up quite so easily."

It wasn't three minutes after that that a finely-dressed lady, complaining of the crowd, and of the tiresomeness of having one's dress sat on, moved away from her neighbor with such a jerk that she came with her elbow against Ben's other basket, and out rolled a small package, and an egg; and of all places for an egg to fall, it went plump into the finely-dressed lady's lap. Of course, it broke—eggs always do when they shouldn't—then what a time there was! Ben's face was red away up into his hair with sorrow and mortification; he made as many and as humble apologies as though he had ruined the lady for life.

"They ought not to allow such people to ride on the cars," she said angrily, in answer to an exceedingly humble sentence from Ben. "I think they ought to have a market wagon run to accommodate the people who are inclined to turn the street cars into walking stores."

Ben looked interested in the idea.

"It would be a good thing," he said. "I wonder why they don't run a special car for us working fellows in the morning; it is really a nuisance to have our baskets and bundles in everybody's way; but we don't know how to help it. Still I'm not generally so careless as this. I'm just as sorry as I can be."

The lady did not choose to say another word.

More people began to have accidents. A little girl lost two of her pennies which were to pay for her ride, down in that wretched hole in the floor where pennies and car tickets are so fond of falling. She looked for them hopelessly for a minute, and then began to rub her eyes.

Ben didn't see the falling cents; he was busy trying to tie with one hand a paper of sugar into a more secure package; but he looked up in time to see the tears in her eyes, and inquire into it. Then he had a hard time shifting baskets and bundles from one arm to the other, and finding his way to his pocket-book, from which he drew out two bright pennies.

"Here," he said, "pennies are nice things; I'd like to have a billion of them; but I never think they are worth crying for, especially after they slipped down a hole. There are more to be found that will take their places."

And the little girl's tears didn't fall.

A gentleman with a file of bills sticking out of one pocket and a bank-book out of the other, who had occupied a seat near Ben all the way, now leaned forward and touched his arm.

"Young man, what is your name and business?"

"My name is Benjamin S. Martyn, sir, and I am Mr. T. G. Lewis' errand boy at the country store."

"Do you like the work?"

"No, sir, not so well as some things I can think of, but a great deal better than I like doing nothing this cold winter."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to be a clerk in a store, not a boy to do things when there is something to be done, but a boy who has regular work and regular hours."

"Then you are not regularly employed?"

"No, sir; only when they happen to have something for me to do, and don't happen to have anybody else going that way."

"Have you any spare time in the city this morning?"

"Yes, sir, I have just one errand to do, and then I must wait for the next car up."

"Well, sir, you may call at that address, and I will have a little further talk with you about some important business."

And the great merchant handed him the business card of the largest firm in the city. And as he left the car and walked down town with his nephew, he said:

"I've found the boy at last that I have been hunting after for two years. I have discovered after this morning's ride that he is quick-motioned, kind-hearted, respectful, good-natured, patient, thoughtful, and can keep his temper under great provocation; and, in my opinion, a boy that can do that is apt to be conscientious and trustworthy."

But even to this day it is a marvel to Ben Martyn and to the boys who envy his "streak of luck" how he came to be a favorite clerk in a store where they pay high wages and are careful about references.—*The Freeman.*

TEMPER OF ANIMALS.

Among all the larger creatures of the animal kingdom it is difficult to find more than a dozon species which are, as a class, ill-tempered, unless we include all those carnivorous animals which exhibit a certain ferocity in the capture of their prey. But it will be found that, apart from this law of their being, such animals are not, as a rule, either ill-tempered or malicious. On the contrary, their natural bias is toward good nature, and it may be inferred that the fierceness exhibited by them when actually striking their prey is rather a gradual development from a particular necessity than an essential part of their nature. The good humor of the lions and other felines was well illustrated by a scene at the Zoo. The young lion from Sokoto was much intent on breaking in the iron shutters which separates the house it now occupies from its former quarters next door. Apart from the very proper wish to assert a right to its former domicile, it had the irritating stimulus supplied by an ill-tempered and decrepit old leopard, which was growling on the other side of the shutter, and even went so far as to insert one of its longest teeth into the crack between the shutter and the wall, as a reminder to the lion of what was waiting for it on the other side. The lion was striking constant heavy blows on the door, and was so intent on its occupation as to disregard the call of its keeper. The keeper quietly attracted its attention by pulling its tail, and the lion at once desisted, rubbed its face against the keeper's hand, and lay down to be stroked, patted and have its mane caressed. A very beautiful puma close by exhibited all the pleasure of a friendly cat at being stroked, and the tiger from Turkestan allowed itself to be fondled like a big dog.—*Selected.*

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother gave me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she said in a few minutes more. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble. At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" asked her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly. A little girl so full of aches and pains must be ill, and the sooner we have a doctor the better."

"Oh, mother, said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now."

I have heard of other little girls besides Jessie who had sewing aches and pains whenever their parents had any work for them to do. This is a disease called "selfishness," and I hope none of my little girls are afflicted with it.—*Philadelphia Methodist.*

HOW NEGROES CAPTURE BUZZARDS ALIVE IN FLORIDA.

"That's a buzzard, an ordinary American buzzard," said a New York taxidermist to a reporter whose attention had been attracted by a stuffed bird in the window about the size of an ordinary hen turkey. "They're common enough in the Southern States, especially in Florida, where I caught that one myself one winter. I wanted to capture one alive, and a negro boy showed me how to do it. We took boards and fenced in a square of land about as big as an ordinary dining table. We made the fence about five inches high, and then threw a pig which had died from disease into the center of the enclosure. After that we retired to the cover of some bushes about fifty yards away and began to scan the sky for our buzzard.

"There was no buzzard in sight, and they are not plentiful anyway, but the darkey assured me that one would arrive before long. He said a buzzard would smell a dead animal twenty miles away. I told the boy that I probably did not know as much about catching a buzzard alive as he did, but I knew that the bird did not smell carrion at any great distance; he saw it. The boy did not believe me when I explained to him the perfectly well-known fact that the buzzard has an eye like an opera-glass. He can screw it in or out, so to speak, and fit it to the distance across which he wants to look at any object. That's a handy sort of eye to have isn't it?

"The eyeball is surrounded by horny plates which move slightly on each other. The muscles at the back of the eye are so arranged that they can thrust the centre of the ball of the eye out in front, and the pressure of these horny plates keeps the whole eye from being pushed out also. Thus the eye assumes a cone-like appearance from the outside. By relaxing this pressure and exerting these muscles in the opposite direction, the front of the eye can be made flat. By this means the buzzard can, while flying at a great height, sweep the ground with his telescopic eye in search of carrion, and as he approaches the earth can keep adjusting his sight so that he sees the desired object plainly, even when it is under his very beak. However, as I said before, the negro boy stuck to his theory of smell.

"'Dere's one now,' he said, pointing up toward the sun. In vain I looked and strained my eyes till they streamed with tears. I could see no buzzard. 'Dere he is, sure enough,' repeated the darkey. 'He's smelt de pork, and he's a-comin' fer it.' By-and-by I was able to discern a black speck far up in the blue which was describing great sweeps and circles as it came slowly nearer, without making the least motion of its feathers. It was fascinating to watch that calm, confident, swift, silent motion, and I envied the creature his marvelous power, and wanted to exchange lives with him till I thought of the dinner of decayed pig. We lay closer, and after he had thoroughly inspected the country all about for enemies, he flopped down on the pig and began to tear it. He evidently had not had a meal for a long time, for he simply gorged himself, as we hoped he would do.

"Now, when a buzzard is gorged, he cannot rise straight up in the air; he has got to make a run for it, and rise up an imaginary inclined plane, like a fat goose rising from the water. We knew this, and had provided for the convenience of the greedy bird a nice little low doorway, cut in the boards on the ground floor, and about two feet high. About this door, on the outside, we had arranged a neat noose of oiled fishline ready for the head of the bird, if he poked it out. When he had eaten all he wanted, he looked up into the air, and seeing the fence uncomfortably high and close around him, decided to walk out of the door, and make his rise where there was plenty of space for a preliminary run. As he poked his head out of the hole, the noose fitted him nicely. He did not notice it, but walked on. In about three steps he came to the end of the fishline, and the noose tightened.

"With a hoarse cry of fright he made a dash for liberty, with legs and wings, but the noose choked him and flopped him over on his back, where he lay kicking like mad. We rushed up, and I threw a big fish-net over him, as his powerful claws and beak were dangerous weapons, and would inflict an ugly cut. Moreover, as the bird lives on carrion, a wound from him often produces blood-poisoning. I kept him about my camp for a time, but he was not a nice pet, so I shot him and stuffed him. But first I proved to the negroes that his sense of smell was by no means acute. When he was really hungry he could not find carrion, which was hidden from him, in places where a pig would have gone right to it. He had to see it first every time."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Profound impression has been created in Venice by the refusal of the Emperor William to attend the theater on the Lord's Day. As the public know, his visit to Venice was a brief one, and was hurriedly arranged. However, the city set itself with might and main to show him honor, and its efforts culminated in the getting up of a great theatrical performance on Sunday evening. When the Emperor was informed of what had been done, and was asked to honor the assembly with his presence, he replied: "Since I have become Emperor I have made it a principle of my life never to attend any place of amusement on the Lord's Day." King Humbert followed the Emperor's example. As both Emperor and King were expected, the theater was crowded from floor to ceiling, but the royal box was empty. The brilliant gathering learned a lesson on the duty of keeping holy the Lord's Day.—*Religious Herald.*

HOW SPONGES ARE GATHERED.

Upon reaching the sponging-ground the vessel is left in charge of the cook, while captain and crew enter the small boats, or "dingeys," and prepare for work. The vessel is not anchored, but kept under just sufficent sail to follow the dingeys. The light weather, during which, only, sponging can be prosecuted, makes this prudent. In each dingey are two men, a "sculler" and a "hooker." The sculler, standing in the stern, propels the boat gently with his fourteen-foot oar, being careful not to disturb the water; the hooker, leaning over the side, studies the bottom through a crude, but ingenious, implement called the "water-glass," which is simply a cedar bucket with a glass bottom. This is pushed below the surface, to avoid the ripples which distort or obscure objects upon the bottom. With a "water-glass" an experienced sponger can not only see distinctly, but can distinguish varieties and values of the sponges growing fifty feet below, though the ordinary depth is twenty to thirty. As the boat slides gently along, the hooker, with his head in the bucket, utters a word; the sculler's oar is brought flatwise to the course of the boat, and the little craft stops dead. At the same moment the hooker grasps his long-handled, three-tined hook, and, without lifting his head from the glass, shoots the slender tool swiftly, and with the unerring aim of an Indian salmon-catcher, into the depths below. With a quick twist the hook is withdrawn, holding upon its tines a round, black, dripping object, which is thrown into the bottom of the boat if, after inspection, it is approved; if not, it is tossed overboard again. Then the sculling and the "water-glass" practice are resumed.

The sponge—for of course the anomalous black object is a sponge—thus torn from its rock always leaves some fragments still attached. These fragments serve as the foundation of another sponge, which will have grown to gathering dimensions in two or three years.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

"I'm going to be a gentleman when I'm big like papa," said little Joe one day.

"But papa was a gentleman when he was little like you," said grandma, who was sewing near him.

"Did he dress up in grandpa's coat and hat, and walk with his cane as I do with papa's sometimes?" inquired Joe.

"No, he wore pinafores and a little straw bonnet," said grandma, stitching away.

Joe looked at her steadily, as though he could not understand.

"Are you trying to think how he looked, dear?" grandma asked. "I wasn't meaning that, but I mean that his little cousin Kitty came to play with him, and he went to his box and brought out the very best toy that he had—a jumping frog—and said: 'This is for you, Kitty, 'cause you're a little girl.' And I think that did more to make him a gentleman than a coat, hat, and a cane could have done.—*Ex.*

One of them was absorbed in a book the other day, according to *Good News*, when his wife said, "What are ye readin', Dennis?" "Oi'm readin' th' history of Napoleon Bonaparte. Moy! moy! what a janitor he would ov made!"

In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.
"Wake!" said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light,"
"Wake," said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.
The little plant heard,
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.
—*Kate L. Brown.*

O little hands, dear little hands,
Are you ready for work to-day?
Are you ready, too, kind deeds to do,
And be gentle in your play?

O little hands, dear little hands,
You have been so busy to-day,
Now quietly rest, you have done your best;
Rest from your work and play.
—*Florence E. Brown.*

In the morn of the holy Sabbath
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered,
Worshiping there with me,
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
The dear little heads in the pew.

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Home Circle.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.—Ps. xxv: 14.

Just to let that Father do
What he will;
Just to know that he is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust him, that is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let him take the care
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of his promised rest.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

"The Least of These."

She had little of earthly beauty,
She had less of earthly lore;
She climbed by a path so narrow,
Such wearisome burdens bore!
And she came with heart a-trembling
To the warden at heaven's door,

And said: "There were hearts of heroes";
She said: "There were hands of might;
I had only my little children,
That call to me day and night;
I could only soothe their sorrows,
Their childish hearts make light."

And she bowed her head in silence,
And she hid her face in shame,
When, out from a blaze of glory,
A form majestic came;
And, sweeter than all heaven's music,
Lo, some one called her name!

—*Christian Herald.*

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

"No," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please."

"Think there isn't any money in it?"

"There would probably be some little money in it; but it would come from the sale of the little house that the man occupies and calls his home. But I don't want to meddle with the matter."

"Got frightened out of it, eh?"

"Not at all."

"I suppose likely the fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well, yes he did."

"And you caved in likely?"

"Yes."

"What in creation did you do?"

"I believe I shed a few tears."

"And the old fellow begged you hard, you say?"

"No, I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty."

"Ah, he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough, and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar; but nobody heard me, so I stepped into the little hall, and saw, through the crack of the door, a cosy sitting-room, and there, on the bed, with her silver head high on the pillows, was an old lady, who looked for the world just as my mother did the last time I ever saw her on earth.

"Well, I was on the point of knocking, when she said, 'Come, father, now begin; I'm all ready.' And down on his knees, by her side, went an old, white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began.

"First, he reminded God that they were still his submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what he saw fit to bring upon them, they shouldn't rebel at his will. Of course, 'twas going to be very hard for them to go homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless; and, oh, how different it might have been if only one of the boys had been spared! Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole from under the coverlid, and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated! But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse—a place they prayed to be delivered from entering, if it could be consistent with God's will. And then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. And at last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice."

The lawyer then continued, more slowly than ever, "And—I—believe I'd rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night than to stain my heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that."

"Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?"

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat it!" said the lawyer. "I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we were told to make known our desires unto God; but of all the pleadings I ever heard, that beats all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood. And why was I sent to hear that prayer? I'm sure I don't know—but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasy, "you hadn't told me about the old fellow's prayer."

"Why so?"

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring; I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I'd hate to run counter to what you tell about. I wish you hadn't heard a word about it, and another time I wouldn't listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you're wrong again. It was intended for my ears, and yours, too; and God Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing about 'God moves in a mysterious way,' I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the claimant, as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and him' the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer, smiling.—*Boston Globe.*

TWO PAIRS OF FETTERS.

More than eighty years ago a fierce war raged in India between the English and Tippo Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness.

A gray haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me; I will wear his as well as my own." This was done. Strange to say Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take that city; but his noble friend died in prison.

Up to his death he wore two pairs of fetters! But what if he had worn fetters of all in the prison? What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had quitted a glorious palace to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and die for them, that they might go free, and free forever?

Friend, such a thing has been done. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus," who gave himself a ransom for all. "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures"—our Saviour, Jesus Chirst, who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity.—*Sabbath Reading.*

The Ivanhoe tunnel, the third longest in America, is cut straight through the backbone of the Rocky Mountains from Busk, a small hamlet fifteen miles west of Leadville, Col., to Ivanhoe, another little village on the western side of the main range. The tunnel was designed to save the Colorado Midland Railway a steep climb to the summit of Hagerman Pass, and over seven miles wasted in the curves necessary to enable the engines to pull up the heavy grades. The tunnel is 9,400 feet long, and is only surpassed in this country by the famous Hoosac tunnel and the Bowlder tunnel, in Montana, the latter of which is only three hundred feet longer than the Ivanhoe. Where the Ivanhoe enters the mountain at Busk the altitude is 10,800 feet. This is a much greater altitude than that of St. Gothard, which at Goeschenen enters the ground at a height of 3,640 feet above the sea level, and emerges at Airolo, on the Italian side, at a height of 3,756 feet. The road over the St. Gothard Pass is 22 miles, and the tunnel, with its length of nine and a quarter miles, thus saves twelve and three-quarters miles. The Ivanhoe saves much more in proportion, lessening the distance between Busk and Ivanhoe by over 7 miles in its length of less than 2 miles. This stupendous undertaking was begun in August, 1890.—*Scientific American.*

The Anglo-American Telegraph Company completed a new cable across the Atlantic from Heart's Content, N. F., to Valentia island on July 27th, taking less than two weeks for the entire job. It has a larger conductor than any cable ever before laid. "A curious coincidence in connection with its completion is the fact that the final splice was made on the anniversary of the day on which the first successful cable was landed at Heart's Content in 1866, twenty-eight years ago; and not only the same date, but on the same day of the week."

The third German city in respect of population is Leipsic, which has grown from 127,000 in 1872 to 355,000 in 1890, having considerably distanced San Francisco, which was the larger in the year first named.

HOME.

I am not an alarmist. If every bank were to break, I wouldn't lose a cent, and I could walk home. I have got two shoulders of meat in the smoke-house, and enough clothes to last six months.

We've got to go back to headquarters—home—to find out the trouble. Home ought to be the brightest, happiest, and cheerist place under the sun, on the face of the earth.

Every man shows what he thinks of his wife and children by the kind of home he puts them in. A man whose home is all out of whack, the blinds down, and the doors off the hinges, the steps rotten—that shows his character. The husband shows his character by the exterior of his home; the wife by the interior. I don't see how some men can keep pious on what they get three times a day. Spurgeon includes all human miseries under "dirt, devil, and debt." I have been in houses where they had $2,500 worth of silverware, and fifteen cents worth of grub. I would like to be able to digest silver, but I can't. I like girls who can play on the stove, as well as on the piano. Many a man has been sent to a drunkard's grave by what he has been given to eat by his wife. You give a man a biscuit that will knock down a yearling, and he's got to have a drink or something else before night.

If you've got a good wife, a good home, and a good cow, you are elected, as the Presbyterians say.—*Sam Jones.*

BETRAYERS OF CHRIST.

"And Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him." (Matt. 10:4)

In our day Judas joins the church and carries his head as high as anybody. He has religion enough to keep him out of the penitentiary, but not enough to make him quit anything in the way of meanness that he can practice without fear of punishment. Whatever will pass for respectability is good enough for him, no matter how deadly may be its underlying principle. If he can get a better price for his wheat at the distillery than he can at the flouring mill, the distillery gets it. He belongs to church because it gives him favor with men, and not because he loves God. He joins the church for the very same kind of a motive that burglars rob a bank. He believes that it will pay. There are also women who will marry husbands and assume the most sacred obligations, simply because their hearts are full of avarice, and they believe they are going to get well paid for doing it. All such are full sisters to Judas, and are betrayers of Christ as surely as he was. There are also mothers and matchmakers who will scheme and plan, and make every possible endeavor to marry pure girls to men of no morals, simply because they have wealth or high social position In the place of Judas all such would have sold the Saviour of the world for a few pieces of silver just as surely as he did.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE GAIN OF SUNDAY REST.

Of course I do not mean that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six days. But I very much doubt whether, at the end of a year, he will generally have produced more by working seven days a week than by working six days a week; and I firmly believe that at the end of twenty years he will have produced less by working seven days a week than by working six days a week. Therefore it is that we are not poorer, but richer, because we have, through many ages, rested from our labor one day in seven. The day is not lost. Man, the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed bodily vigor.—*Lord Macaulay.*

It is a well-known fact that horses can hear sounds that are not perceptible to human ears. For days previous to the great earthquake in the Riviera the horses of that locality showed every symptom of abject fear, which continued without change of character (unless it was in the direction of greater frenzy) till the fury of the great convulsion broke forth. Not until a few seconds, however, before the earth began to tremble did human beings hear the subterranean rumblings. One writer from the scene says that in his opinion the horses knew that the great quake was on the way from 72 to 100 hours before their masters heard or felt the first jar.—*St. Louis Republic.*

A little fellow lately asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait till he was older. "Well," was the shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

If only for an hour, men get at least a glimpse of the larger, nobler life; the grind is taken away from life, and visions of peace stir the energies of hope.—*Berry.*

Household.

An efficacious remedy for obstinate cases of insomnia is to lie flat upon the back, and inhale and exhale deep, long breaths. Take thirty or forty of them, then turn on one side—preferably the right—and sleep will come before you know it, unless you have the pernicious habit of taking your work to bed with you. The facility with which we can rest and recuperate from great fatigue, either mental or physical, depends greatly upon our power of dismissing thought and encouraging a state of vacuity. It is a question of habit, but one which is in every one's power to acquire, and of so great value that it is worth more than a slight effort to win.—*Demorest Magazine.*

CURRANT SYRUP.—Stem, look over, and mash ripe red currants; put them in an earthen jar; cover and set away until next day. Then put into jelly-bag, and hang up to drain. Strain and measure. For every pint of juice allow two pounds of white sugar. Mix together, put in porcelain-lined kettle, and heat slowly, and stir with a wooden spoon. When sugar is all dissolved, let it come to a boil. If any scum, skim off. Set away to cool. Do not boil; only melt the sugar, as boiling injures the color. Put into bottles, and seal the corks with sealing-wax. Keep in a cool place. A few spoons added to a pint of cold water makes a pleasant drink. —*Ada Record.*

A delicious sweet to offer at luncheon is made of whipped cream and macaroons. Use the rich cream that is of the proper consistency to whip well. Sweeten, and whip until quite stiff. Get macaroons that have been kept about two days, and roll them till they are finely crumbed, but not powdered. Stir enough of them with the whipped cream to give it a delicate brown color. This should be served heaped lightly in dainty cups, as, while it makes a most delectable compound, it is altogether too rich to be taken in any but the most moderate quantities.—*Exchange.*

Clothing should never be brushed in the house. Physicians distinctly assert that the dust of the street may and does contain the most dangerous germs of contagious diseases, and the greatest care should be exercised that the dust is not scattered through the house, to find its way into the lungs, and possibly to carry the seeds of disease. Garments should be either shaken from a window, or carried into the yard, and beaten and brushed on a line.—*Selected.*

RICE MUFFINS.—Two cups of cold-boiled rice, two eggs, a little salt, a tablespoon of melted butter, one cup of sweet milk, and two cups of flour, into which is sifted a teaspoon of baking powder. Beat all thoroughly, and bake in muffin pans. Serve very hot.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—To half a dozen boiled, mashed parsnips add two tablespoons of flour, two eggs, and a little pepper and salt. Form into litle cakes, and brown in butter or suet.

It is said that sprigs of wormwood scattered in places infested with black ants will drive these pests away.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are nearly 20,000 juvenile temperance societies of one kind and another, with an estimated membership of 2,644,000 young people.

Perfect, unquestioning trust is the way to peace. Do not wait to see—do not ask to see—but believe in God and be at peace.—*S. R. Miller.*

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THIS page of THE PACIFIC has been devoted by the publishers to Southern California interests, and is edited by Rev. H. P. CASE, REV. J. T. FORD, and President C. G. BALDWIN. The Southern office is located at Claremont, Los Angeles county, Cal. Address all matter to C. G. Baldwin.

Southern California.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: All subscriptions from Southern California will be received by the Claremont office. For information address C. G. Baldwin, Claremont, Cal. The Los Angeles Association has passed a resolution to the effect that *"one copy should be in every Congregational family."*

GENERAL NOTES.

Push the circulation of THE PACIFIC. This is not a time to lessen our fellowship and intercommunication. THE PACIFIC should be in every family.

These vacation days make the notice of the Echo Mountain gathering of Congregational ministers and their Southern California friends timely, as well as the articles on "Old Baldy" and "Camping in the Canyon."

The absence of Sunday-school notes indicates that Editor Case is either absent on a journey, or on vacation, or sick, or something else. He has not been heard from for a couple of weeks.

Edwin Sidney Williams, in last week's PACIFIC, told the story of Yale's boat race in 1859 in such a way as to make the blood move freshly in our veins. We thank him for it. We wish he would write upon the philosophy of college sports and how to save the good and cut off the evil of them.

College Notes will make their appearance again with the opening of the institution September 12th. The promise for new students is good and daily growing better. Some of the old ones who had given up the attempt have revised their decision and will return. Others we must lose because of home demands in these hard times.

The Executive Committee of the College met at Claremont last week, and took up many important lines of business and handled them with vigor. In the fact that there is absolute agreement between Faculty and Board as to what is best for the College all of us have reason to rejoice. While a hard year is before them, the right spirit is manifest on all sides.

Church Notes and Personals need the co-operation of every church in Southern California to be as interesting and valuable as they ought to be. Why should not every pastor see that some well-appointed friend looks after items from his own church. This is something to do at once—this week. It will help your work. All such communications should be addressed to C. G. Baldwin, Claremont, Cal. Write him also for club rates for new and old subscribers.

CHURCH NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The new church at Santa Ana is nearing completion, and is said to be one of the finest in the city. It is the Carlsbad church taken down, removed and re-erected, with additions and improvements.

Rev. A. W. Thompson of San Jacinto took a brief vacation at the coast during a part of the heated term. The work in his church is progressing favorably. The congregations are encouraging, and the church in its several branches of work harmonious and active.

The church at Avalon had a good day Sunday, August 20th. Dr. McLean of the Simpson Memorial M. E. church, Los Angeles, preached at the morning service to a crowded house. He called for a special collection and subscription to encourage and help those who "abide by the stuff" during the ten months while the rest are away at the war. The result was fifty dollars for the treasury of Avalon church, and new strength to the bonds of fellowship between Christians of different names.

Park church, Los Angeles, has room on its lot for a parsonage, and on it a very small house was purchased with the lot. It is too small to be occupied by the ministers' family, and yet large enough to keep the parsonage question always before the church. The lot and the adequate building keep calling for a parsonage, and are making themselves heard. The question is being agitated, and out of chaos, produced by the agitation, we see coming forth in the not distant future the form of a suitable manse for the occupation of the busy pastor of that church. With the manse the church becomes permanently established and self-supporting.

The Pico Heights church was built as a chapel in the times of the boom, and placed on the rear of the lot in expectation that a real spacious church would at no very distant period be erected on the front. This chapel is abundantly large for a congregation of 250, but in its present location is hidden from view, and not attractive in appearance. Pastor Schaefle is making an effort to secure money to move this chapel to the front of the lot, and by a few inexpensive improvements transform it into the likeness of a church. He estimates the cost at about $300, and is encouraged by the progress thus far made to believe that the work will be accomplished.

LOS ANGELES CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

The Union will hold its next meeting on Monday, September 3d, at the Echo Mountain House, at 10:30 A. M. Rev. D. D. Hill and others will address the meeting on the "Peculiarities and the Prospects of Congregational Work in Southern California." The Mt. Lowe Railroad gives this meeting the benefit of a half-fare rate over its line. Round-trip tickets from Altadena to Echo Mountain can be obtained for $1 each by all members and friends. All pastors and their wives are urged to go and to invite several laymen, with their wives and friends, to attend the meeting, and after lunch enjoy the sights and pleasures of Echo Mountain. All who attend should bring their lunch baskets. All who can should take this opportunity of visiting this mountain resort.

"OLD BALDY."

A congenial company of ladies and gentlemen from Claremont visited the summit of "Old Baldy"—more properly Mt. San Antonio—ten thousand and fifty feet above the sea, and nearly nine thousand feet above the village of Claremont, which is the settlement nearest to the base of the mountain, and about forty miles from Los Angeles.

Three gentlemen and two ladies walked up and down from the camp, about eight miles from the summit. We started at ten minutes before one o'clock at night, two hours after the moon had risen. By the help of a lantern the trail was traced through the deep shade of the canyon trees until, within a few minutes, we were on the mountain side, with the half-moon full upon us, and in no need of the lantern. No one in the party had ever been over the trail, but there was no trouble from that source. The trail is so much used that it cannot be lost. The moonlight views were very fine. There was no heat to burn, and while warm enough to suggest frequent stops, sightly points were chosen, and by the sun's rising we were in a most beautiful spot, and took breakfast in what was to all the party the most beautiful mountain scene they ever looked upon. One of the party had in memory the most beautiful views among the Alps; but these before us did not suffer in the comparison. After a most leisurely and pleasant walk of eight miles, we reached the summit of Old Baldy. Several of the party felt the weakening influence of the last two thousand feet, but at least one found the last mile easier than the one before it.

Within fifteen minutes the remainder of the party, consisting of seven gentlemen and ladies, joined the party on the top of the mountain, having started from camp at five o'clock. They found the ride very easy, and only a little over four hours in time. It was evident that in riding on without pause they had lost some of the beauty, as passengers on the trains see less than those who drive, and the latter less than those who walk. The return to camp was made by the walking party in three hours and forty minutes. The riders were a little over four hours. They reported the ride down as much harder, and that the ideal way would be to take more time.

Advice to others would be about as follows: The most vigorous and experienced would find it easy to walk up, starting at about midnight, even in warmest weather. To return it would be a mistake to hurry, as the walkers in this case did. Take five or six hours to return, and there would be no danger and very little discomfort.

Persons of frail health could easily make the ascent by "burro," starting from the foot of the mountain not later than four o'clock in hot weather, and returning by easy stages of not more than a mile, each resting under the shade of the great rocks or the pines which are abundant near the summit, and reaching home an hour after sundown, thus escaping the last two miles of the "new trail," which is the hottest part of the trip.

There is little cold weather there now, there being no snow anywhere. All the wraps taken were unnecessary. The thermometer ranged from sixty-five to eighty. A gentleman of the party who had lately visited Mount Lowe, and had thought he had seen all that mountain scenery in California could afford, was heard to sigh, "I wish I had had any idea of this; my wife and daughter should have come." There is no comparison between Mt. Lowe and Old Baldy.

There are three such mountains in Southern California and within easy reach—Old Grey Rock from Mentone; Old Baldy from North Ontario, and Mt. San Jacinto from the town of San Jacinto. It is a great mistake to miss these beauties of nature. They leave abiding memories which affect the life consciously and unconsciously. A part of this party were away from home but forty-eight hours, and could have accomplished it in thirty-six hours. The expense of such a trip is light. Provisions and wraps for a considerable party could be carried by one burro. There is little need of a guide after reaching the foot of the trails.

Our advice is to go. Spare your strength by frequent refreshing rests of fifteen minutes each. These will all be pleasantly remembered afterward. The ladies of the party well endured the hardships as well as the men, or very nearly so. What would Southern California, with all her soil, and water, and fruit orchards, be without her mountain peaks to rest our eyes upon from below! But just how beautiful it all is can best be seen from these peaks themselves.

C. G. B.

CAMPING IN THE CANYON.

A driver through San Antonio Canyon in July or August will see many camping villages. Report says that four hundred people are frequently found there. The road winds up to the Power House of the San Antonio Light & Power Co., about four and one-half miles from the mouth of the canyon. From this point there is a trail which a good horse can easily take, though a "burro" would be better. Having obtained permission from the Pomona Land & Water Co. to camp upon its lands, about three miles farther up the canyon, our party, consisting of about thirty, camped at the foot of the "New Trail" up Mt. San Antonio. Children from three years old and upwards were numerous. Tents were few. Hair mattresses were not infrequent, hammocks were occasionally seen, but perhaps the most successful sleeping was done upon folding cots so constructed as to pack easily upon the "burros." There is no difficulty in procuring provisions, as teams come within three miles of camp and bring all that is needed, and a skillful man like Professor Frank Bracket can "pack" anything, from an egg to a piano, so that it will ride on the little mule without damage over any trail in the canyon.

A party of this size has its disadvantages in largely increasing the labor of those responsible for provisions, etc., but there were great compensations in the character of the party. Professors Colcord and Bissell made us wonder at their practical sense, and we concluded there was "genius for camping" as well as in other lines. Some of the party were not "born campers." They had ears for the mosquitoes, and birds, and squirrels, and even the rippling of the water in the stream kept them awake. And poor sleep left little appetite, and camp dishes and cookery are hardly tempting in such conditions. We all learn that we are not alike, and that we must not find fault with one another on that account. If one does not like mutton you must not scold him. And so the one who complains of dirt and discomfort in the camp does not mean to call the "born camper" coarse because he endures these things for the pleasure of the experience on the whole. What a place to try our philosophy is a good season in a camp! Do we really love our fellow-men? This will be likely to tell the story. It was a pleasure to see how well this camping party from Claremont stood this test, and how pleasantly we shall remember all the kindness and courtesy shown by so many of that party. This is written by one who has no genius for camping, but has a degree of knowledge about that fact which prevents him from criticism of camp life. When a man cannot tell whether it is "Old Hundred" or "Yankee Doodle," he ought to know that if he is foolish enough to attend an oratorio he will show his wisdom best thereafter by saying absolutely nothing about the music. He may speak of happy faces and the flowers, of bright dresses and the applause, but there he must stop. Faith in the oratorio for him comes not by hearing; and so of camping. He that hath the eye and ear, and he only, can speak of it or read of it with any pleasure. B.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Dear Brethren: The time for our annual gathering draws nigh. It occurs October 9th, and we meet at Los Angeles with the First church. It is time for us to be looking forward to it with interest, and to be making preparations for it. It ought to be an occasion of great profit to all the ministers and churches. We ought to go up to this our great annual spiritual festival as once in Israel's holiest days the tribes went up to the Holy City, singing as they went, and full of joyful expectation! These hopes should be more than realized while we are there, and our return should be with renewed zeal and furnishment for the work of the year. This assuredly will be if certain necessary things are observed.

1. Let us begin now to pray for it that Jesus will go up to this feast with us, and so manifestly that our hearts shall burn within us as he walks with us by the way. And if he is with us on the way, he will be easily constrained to turn in with us to our place of gathering, and there reveal himself to us in larger measure still. Hitherto, I fear we have prayed too little for the coming meeting. We have felt too little our personal need of spiritual preparation, and that Jesus should go up with us and fill all the house and all the sessions, with a sense of his presence and glory. Hence, while the meetings have been profitable, the blessing has been limited, and fallen far short of what might have been had Jesus been invited and constrained with suitable earnestness, perseverance and faith. Brethren, let it not be so at our coming festival. Let us pray for it, that it may prove a Pentecost to ourselves, and the Church with which we meet the like to which we have no previous record. We need it, our ministers need it, our churches need it, and the outside world perishing in sin needs it most of all!

2. Let there be a large attendance. Let the brothers and sisters come up in force as well as the ministers. In the ancient feasts, all the males and females, when they could, went up—whole families—and camped about the Holy City. Luke tells us how Joseph and Mary went up from Nazareth every year to the feast of the Passover. God loves to see the people at these great religious gatherings not less than the priesthood. We need them to help us carry the blessing up, to enjoy it with us while there, and then to help us carry it back to the churches. Brethren reading this appeal, can you not go and make one of our number there?

3. Let us all try to be there in time. Be there at the opening devotional meeting. Be there to pray that the Holy Spirit will lay his hand on the opening service as a forerunner and foretaste of what we may expect all through. God loves promptitude. David said, "Early will I seek thee." In our late meeting of the Los Angeles Association at the North Pasadena church, our opening morning prayer-meeting was a meeting of power. The brethren were on hand, and the Holy Spirit filled all the house, and it gave tone to all the subsequent sessions, and we had what seemed to me the best and richest meeting we have ever held. Let us try promptitude once more.

4. Stay till the end of the meeting. The best wine is often at the end of the feast. Many leave before the closing Lord's Supper. It is a bad sign, and the influence is bad. We stint our souls by the little time we spend together in those meetings. At the Passover festival, the Lord's ancient people spent a whole week together in worship, while we are so unwilling to spend two days together that we often clip off a slice from the beginning and the end. Not thus shall we make our voice to be heard on high.

5. Come expecting a Baptism of the Holy Ghost, in the strength of which we may run many days. Come expecting the best meeting we have ever had. Come expecting at its close to see the brethren on an ascending grade of the King's highway of holiness.

6. Allow me to suggest to the Committee on Program to arrange for ample time to consider that greatest need of the hour—the baptism of the Holy Spirit—and how to put ourselves in receptive attitude in relation to it. God forbid we should push that great matter into a corner. In my judgment, it is of more importance than any three other topics which will come before us. Excuse, brethren, the presumption, if you deem it such, of one whose stay with you cannot be long, and whose heart is set on this matter. For some years past, the tide of spirituality has evidently been rising in our Association. Let us bless God for it, and take courage. There are heights above the Master bids us reach after—heights which, if reached, Pentecostal power will again visit our churches, and we shall see the signs of the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven. Your brother,

S. BRISTOL.

CHARACTER AND WILL.

Sin has a double sense. It means a fact of nature, and an act of will. To sin is to be sinful. You cannot do a bad thing without becoming bad. The clock that will not keep time goes wrong because it is wrong. The broken violin will not obey the deftest hand that ever drew the bow over the tightened strings, and give out music at its bidding. It has lost the harmony out of its soul, and so can have no harmony in its voice. So a man speaks an untruth because himself untrue. He who commits treason is treacherous—was false before he did falsely. Words are the words of the will, and where the will is evil, its words will not be good. If sin is bad, sinfulness is worse. To be a bad man is even more shameful than to do a bad thing; for the badness is permanent; the bad thing is transient expression. Sin, then, needs to be here understood as comprehensive of two things; viz., depravity, or the man's evil state or character; and disobedience, or the man's evil deeds. In order to lose the deed, we must first lose the character.—*"Christ in the Centuries,"* by Principal Fairbairn, D.D., Oxford.

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A DAY WITH A SUNDAY-SCHOOL MISSIONARY.

Arriving at C——, fifteen miles from Hollister, I found twenty-six pupils in the district school. The teacher was a Christian man, though in a peculiar position. He had been a Romanist, but had seen the truth, been converted, and was now with his face toward the ministry. He would have been glad to have started a Sunday-school, but was closely watched by the Catholic patrons of the school, which fact made it seem unwise for him to make the first move in that direction. But he said that he would gladly stand by me, and, if elected, would superintend the Sunday-school should we succeed in organizing. I then called upon a number of people, all of whom seemed glad to see me, and were ready to co-operate in my mission. So I left notice for a meeting on the following Sunday at 2:30 P. M. While in this county I met a minister who preaches in five different places, and receives the magnificent salary of $120 a year. Six months ago he took unto himself a wife.

After speaking to our M. E., South, friends Sunday morning, I left Hollister at noon for C——, arriving at the school-house on time. Only two people were present when I reached there, one of them being the young teacher. He met me with a very long face, to say that he had changed his mind since I was there on Thursday, and felt quite sure nothing could be done; that the people would not take hold of a Sunday-school, and, so far as he could find, there was no one who could or would superintend it. "And you see no one has come to-day." Well, it looked dubious, but I said we would wait a little. About once in six weeks a preaching service is held there, and this happened to be the Sunday for it. The preacher seldom had more than ten or twelve to hear him. Soon the people began to arrive, till at last there were forty, more than the school-house had ever held before, except at a dance or other entertainment.

I had told the school-teacher not to introduce me to that preacher as a minister, but simply as a Sunday-school organizer. He did not want to comply, but I again requested it. The minister was delighted with his congregation—about the largest he had had in all his circuit. When introduced, I noticed that he was not very cordial, and while he was preaching I saw that he was considerably embarrassed. He went all through the service, taking no notice of me; and when he pronounced the benediction, said, "Please remain a little; a man wants to talk Sunday-school to you." I quickly went forward, and made the "rousements" for his sermon for about ten minutes. I watched him while I was talking, and could see that his manner was changing, and that his heart was opened to me. He was nearly shouting happy when I finished, so I knew I had won him over. Then I began to talk to them about their children and their need of a Sunday-school. "Now, all those who would like to have a Sunday-school, if it could be maintained, hold up your hands." Every hand went up. "Now, all who think it could be maintained?" All but five went up. "Now, all who will do their best to maintain it?" All but two or three went up. "Nominate a superintendent." They consulted a little; then a professor was nominated and elected. I had noticed a very intelligent-looking couple in the audience, and after the meeting found that Professor B—— was a Sunday-school man from San Jose—a bright and active Christian, who had only been settled in the place about a month, and had not met with the people before. He had now been discovered in the "fullness of time," and I thanked God. We had no difficulty in getting good material for our other offices.

At the close, the minister came to me, and almost put his arms around my neck and said, "I have a confession to make. I am so sorry I treated you as I did; I wish I had known in time, so that I could have had you preach for me. I knew you were a preacher; I guessed it while you were listening to my sermon. But there has been a Mormon elder through this region, and I thought you were he. But you had not spoken ten words before I knew I was greatly mistaken." I said, "No, I am not a Mormon; I have only one wife, but she is so good I don't want any other, or any more." The school teacher came to me and said, "I am astonished, and also rebuked for my lack of faith. God had a man here for this work, and I thought I was the only one who had not bowed the knee to Baal." I left as quickly as I could, and got back to Hollister just in time to eat a bite, and hurry into the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, where I preached to a very appreciative audience. So ended a day of three services, and thirty miles' driving. The next morning I left for Templeton, San Luis Obispo county. I shall soon have to have some one to go with me to tell me to whom I belong. I have been advertised (since I have been in Sunday-school work) as a Methodist, Methodist Episcopal, South, Presbyterian, Cambellite, and now, last, a Morman elder. I hope if you hear any of these stories you will not believe them, but still believe me a staunch Congregationalist. If you are in doubt about it, send to Mrs. Cooke; she at least will know whether I am a Mormon elder or not.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MISSIONARY.

SOME OF OUR VIOLATED RULES.

It is a misdemeanor to sell liquor while an election is in progress.

It is a misdemeanor to sell liquor in the auditorium of theaters, etc.

It is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, to sell or give intoxicating drinks to a person under the age of sixteen years.

It is a misdemeanor to admit a minor under the age of sixteen years to a saloon, dancing-house, or concert saloon.

It is a misdemeanor to sell intoxicating liquors to an habitual or common drunkard.

It is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, to furnish intoxicating liquors to a person addicted to their inordinate use, within twelve months after the receipt of a notice that the person is so addicted.

It is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, to give to a minor child, under the age of eighteen years, intoxicating drink in any quantity whatsoever, or for the proprietor of a saloon to admit such child to visit said saloon for the purpose of gambling, or playing any game of chance.

It is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, for any saloon-keeper to sell liquor to be used in any apartment connected with a saloon, except open alcoves, or booths open at the top, without doors, and not over six feet high; or for him to maintain any private or separate entrance for any particular class of customers, or any words or signs upon any entrance signifying that such entrance is for ladies, families, or any other particular class of persons, or is a private entrance to such saloon.

Dr. Butler of Washington, in the *Luthern Observer*, speaks of Hon. Joseph Holt, a personal friend for many years, who has recently in a very good old age gone up higher. He was born in 1807 in Kentucky, and is well remembered as a cabinet and government officer in the days before and during the war. Dr. Butler says: "He was one of the most remarkable men our country has ever produced; a born jurist, he was admitted to the bar very young, and rapidly rose to the highest rank. How his soul was stirred as he spoke of the cruel prejudice and oppression of the Jewish people; and of the wrongs of the negro he said, language had never told the half of them. Once, I remember, he said to me, 'I never look upon the face of a colored person but with a sense of shame at the wrongs which have been inflicted upon the race.' The pictures of Uncle Tom's Cabin, he said, were under, not overdrawn."

The estimate of the growing crop of cotton is placed at 21,000,000 acres, and the crop, if only 10 per cent better yield than last year, is estimated at least at 8,900,000 bales.

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